The Student Voice
1954-1955

Worcester State
University

The Acorn

Vol. XIII. Worcester State Teachers College, Worcester, Mass., Wednesday, November 3, 1954 No. 1

STUDENT COUNCIL GIVES THIS YEAR'S SCHEDULE

Club News

Andrew Nichols

The Association of Childhood Education had its first meeting with an open house in honor of the new Freshmen on Friday, October 1, in Room 13. Plans for the "bum's dance" were made. This dance will be the "Harvest Hop" and will be held in the gymnasium on November 5. The proceeds of this dance will be used to maintain two children at Fresh Air Camp next Summer. Chairman for this dance is Patricia Gannon. She will be assisted by the following people: Decorations. Dorothy Cassidy and Sheila Morrissey; tickets, Mary Donohue and Gertrude Harney; band, Nancy Cunningham; chaperones, Barbara Birch; clean-up, Mary Lee and Marjorie Cavanaugh; and publicity, Evelyn Langton. Officers of this organization include: Madeline J. Cavanaugh, president; Eleanor F. Donohue, vice-president; Mary T. Curtin, secretary; and Kathleen Dolan, treasurer.

The International Relations Club, whose aim it is to analyze world affairs, holds its meetings every second Friday of each month. The activities of this club include: debates, open forum discussions, joint meetings, and research contributions by club members. Guest speakers, who specialize in topics of world importance, are invited to give talks. The club also presents films which deal with subjects discussed by club members. Dr. Francis Jones is faculty advisor. Club officers include: James Sheehan, president; George Ford, vice president; Jean Corey, secretary; and Adele Abood, treasurer. The Steering Committee is made up of the club officers, along with Thomas Fitzgerald, Bruce Blazes, Janice Hart, John Neal, Thomas Duffy, and Robert Dana.

The Glee Clubs, under the direction of Miss Grace A. Kendrick, are once again planning and rehearsing for another musical year. The Club will present its traditional Christmas Assembly in December. The Glee Club Concert will be the big musical event of the year. The newly elected officers of the Men's Glee Club are: Raymond Scherdell as president; Lawrence Bettley as vice-president; and Thomas Jackson as secretary treasurer. The officers of the Women's Glee Club are: Dolores Manning, president; Ann E. Matthews, vice-president; and Helen Levin, secretary-treasurer.

Meetings of the Debating Society are held every Monday during noon hour from 12:00 to 12:30. These are in addition to the regular monthly meetings. The topic for debates this year is: "Resolved that the United States Should Extend Diplomatic Relations to Communist China." Leo Coleman is president of this society. Vice-president is Gerald Maloney, and secretary is Adele Abood. The treasurer is to be elected at a future date.

The Student Christian Association, whose aim is to build better students through Christian worship, work, and fellowship, got off

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Fall Fashions

This Fall, the first word on the wardrobe list of Connie Collegian is tweed, tweed in all colors for skirts, tweed in dresses, trimmed with velvet, tweed in suits, trimmed with fur, tweed in jumpers, tweed everywhere, and it always looks smart wherever it appears. Cashmere sweaters are still a popular desire of many girls, but because of financial reasons, orlon and lamb's wool appear more often. Shirt-style blouses, in all colors and prints, make very neat and attractive separates. The ever-popular three flannels, blue, brown, and grey, are still holding their own, not only because flannel is collegiate, but because they look so well with so many colors. The many purpose jumper, in flannel and tweed, has appeared on the scene. It can be worn with or without blouses and sweaters, and is a very practical buy. In the dress department, we find that the basic dress this Fall is the grey flannel sport dress. The princess style is being carried over from last Spring, in soft wools, velvets, taffetas, and new combination materials. The skirts of date dresses are still very full, with layers of petticoats underneath, giving girls that luxurious, dressed-up feeling. In the jewelry department, large, flat earrings, in gold, silver, and pearl add that sophisticated touch.

Yes, Connie Collegian is well dressed this Fall, ever style conscious, ever color conscious. The only problem she faces now is to fill up her social calendar, so she may display her new outfits. But this will be done, because as some wise person once said, "Never underestimate the power of a woman."

—Louise Agurkis.

Pennsylvania

Richard Pingeton

King Charles of England owed William Penn sixteen thousand pounds (eight tons) which Willie tried several times to collect without any success.

Charlie usually responded "I haven't received my check yet," or "I'm a little short, I bought a pair of pegged pantaloons", or some such rot.

One day at lunch Willie tried again. "Thou doesn't happen to have that sixteen thousand pounds on thee, by any chance, does thou?" said Willie.

"No" said Charlie. "As a matter of fact I left my money-belt in my corset. You will have to buy the tea."

Finally Charlie gave Willie a grant of land in America. "Oh" said Willie, "Good show."

"I see where it says here;" said Willie "that the property is to extend northward as far as plantable. I suppose you mean radishes and that sort of thing?" "Yes" said Charlie "and you'll notice in the fine print that I'm to receive

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Depression

By George G. Ford

I should like to express through the "Acorn" my opinions of the present recession in American economy.

The causes of a recession (withdrawal from prosperity) remain mainly with the people themselves. Individuals like you and me are the reason for that tabu word, depression. Naturally, we tend to believe that any let-down in our way of life, in our money economy system, or in our stable economy, is directly the fault of someone else, most likely the Administration in power at the time.

The present Administration, Republican, under the guidance of President Eisenhower is following a "middle of the road" policy which is aimed at doing everything in its power to thwart a decline. A decline in our economic system is a decline in world economy. We are the bastion and bank of the free world. President Eisenhower, in considering the present recession fear, must not only keep the interest of the USA in mind, but he must also be an internationalist in thought and action. His burden is certainly a great one. He, as leader of the Republican party, realizes that another depression would bring about the death of the Republican party and therefore destroy the schism that has been our democracy, leaving wide open our doors to a radical belief or theory like Communism.

Eisenhower has given the American people $5,000,000,000 more to spend this year. He decreased the interest on loans; he is promoting Federal projects like housing, roads, etc., he has billions of dollars worth of emergency projects which he can put into operation at any time. He is working for us, but are we working for him?

Some people, fearing a recession will not buy the products manufacturers produce. For example, for fear of lack of money, a mother will not buy that pair of shoes her son certainly could use. Therefore, production must adapt itself to the changing conditions thus leather is not purchased in great quantities; neither is wool for inside extras, nor flax for shoe strings, nor rubber for the heels. Just imagine all the people who are put out of work in just that certain phase of industry. (I know how many. I live in a town that was once very proud. It had a booming industry of five shoe factories. Within two years, four have shut down. You figure that one out).

Now, don't misunderstand me. I'm not trying to sell shoes. I just want to put the thought across to you to get out and spend that $5,000,000,000 "Ike" handed to you.

For only in spreading and circulating our money constantly with faith in our economy can we hope to deter the cataclysmic consequences of a depression.

How Do You Like Our 'New Look'

IT

Leonard G. Salvin

The time is 8:53½ A.M. The day is Monday, September 13, 1954. A "man" enters an impressive edifice and walks up one flight of stairs. Here the "man" makes a vary startling discovery — he is on the second floor of the building! After the shock of this amazing fact has subsided, the "man" proceeds about his business. There are many people standing in the corridors. The "man" mixes in with the crowd and remains unnoticed.

Now the time is 9:05¼ A.M. The crowd begins to move in an easterly direction. The "man" still remains in the crowd, and moves along with the rest. The crowd enters an auditorium, where the members of the delegation seat themselves. The "man" then seats himself in the middle of the crowd, where he remains unnoticed.

There seems to be a very important meeting here. Someone walks over to the rostrum and calls the assembly to order. Then follow many speakers who supply extremely important information to the assembly. The "man", unnoticed, writes down all of this important information so that he can later supply it to some of his comrades. The meeting finally ends, and all leave, including the "man" . . . the "man" who, unnoticed, has carried out with him all of the important information given at this assembly.

What will come of this? Who is this "man?" What was IT all about? Judge for yourself . . . IT was freshman orientation day at Worcester State Teachers College.

Senior Class

Louise Agurkis

Well, we finally became adjusted to the fact that the Summer vacation is over, and buckled right down to handle Fall problems; now we're about to collapse from mental fatigue. Plans for the senior tea, caps and gowns, the yearbook, and various club activities, all dancing around in our senior brains have just about worn us out. On the financial end of it, it seems that everytime we, very unknowingly and innocently, walk into school, we are confronted by something else we must buy, and we are not always financially equipped to buy the something else's. Then we must make the crucial decision—to look for a job or make a very stirring appeal to our parents.

On the academic side, we find the senior secondaries constantly trying to be creative in their lesson plans, but one problem keeps appearing regularly — "How on earth do you motivate these adolescents?" The "sec's" are about reaching the end of their lists of original games and purposeful activities. Meanwhile, the elementaries are becoming veddy literary,

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THE STUDENTS' SIDE

By Jim Sheehan

This is the first of the columns which will appear in each issue of this paper to inform you of the work of your student government. Its purpose is to keep you informed so that you may make your ideas and wishes known to your representatives.

The overall plan for the Student Council this year is to strengthen the work and the duties of your student government so that the student body may be better served. To this end we are starting to rewrite the constitution. As the Council is only to serve as a committee in this respect and as the final decision on adoption will be submitted to the entire student body we would appreciate any suggestions.

During the first few weeks of school the work of the council has been concerned with routine business matters. At our first meeting Thomas Jackson was elected Secretary to replace Jacqueline Lyons who did not return to school. Other elections were handled by the Council including the organization of the Freshman class and of the various clubs.

Each class elected a member to attend the Swampscott conference which is to be held on the 12th and the 13th of October. The theme of this conference is to be Student Government and I hope to bring back some ideas which may prove helpful to us.

This column is to be turned in before the All College Dance so no mention of its success is in order but we would like to take this opportunity to thank the people who worked so hard to get it ready. A special note of thanks to the many Freshmen who helped to decorate on Friday afternoon.

The Camera Column

LEONARD G. SALVIN
Chief Shutterbug

Since October is the month when all of us shutterbugs literally go crazy taking photos of all those beautiful Autumn scenes, it seems like an excellent time to start a camera series in the Acorn.

Unfortunately, we have no camera Club at State Teachers, but it is hoped that this column can successfully take the place of such an organization.

As with anything that is newly originated, the Camera Column is in need of suggestions on what you, the reader, would like to have included in this series. I would very much appreciate any comments, together with your opinion as to

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The Acorn

The ACORN is a student publication of the State Teachers College at Worcester, Massachusetts, published monthly, it is printed by Saltus Press, located at 63 Myrtle Street, Worcester, Massachusetts.

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Where I Dream

Where the muffled roar of a cascade
Conforms with the song of a brook
And the poplar stands stately majestic
Engulfed by a bracing "Chinook",
Where the essence of pine is prevailing
And fir needles cover the ground
Where there's laurel and phlox in profusion
And an air of contentment is found,
Where deer may be seen from a distance
At the banks of a clear mountain stream
Where dissension is banished forever—
That's where I dream.

The Haunted House

I had passed the house again today,
The house they said was haunted.
But I did not believe in ghosts;
by this, I was not taunted.

I had an impulse to go back.
Go back to that dreary place?
And so, obeying this, I stopped.
With a smile upon my face, I
turned around and started back
With giant steps of pace.

Arriving at the corner where
The house had stood for years
I felt a sudden surge of blood
Come rushing to my ears.
I neared the house, opened the gate,
(which opened with a "squeak").
Before I touched the crooked door,
I thought I'd take a peek.

It was so dark; I lit a match
And looked through broken windows.
This only gave me food for thought—
Those silly-looking windows.
And as I walked inside the house,
My eyes began to wander.
Portraits hanging from the wall
Made me stare and ponder.

I wondered who had owned this house;
And as I wandered through it,
I stepped upon a tiny mouse
Which had a strange look to it.
I thought that I was seeing things—
That mouse had hair of gray!
And then I heard a shrilling noise
As a black cat passed my way.
I felt a chill come over me.
I started, then, to run.
But as I did, I heard a voice.
"Why, what's the matter, son?"
A laugh of horror followed this
From whence I do not know.
I fell to the floor as a group of bats
Were flying very low.

What happened next was all so weird
I cannot tell again.
But to this day, I know that I
Will never have a yen
To solve the mystery of that place
And doubt the word of Men.

—Carol A. Mack.

Tomolonius Says:

Before we begin, we'd like to introduce ourselves. Contained in this column, Dear Freshmen, are the views, opinions, forecasts and what have you in regard to the current trend of popular or commercial music. In view of the fact that this column is beginning its third year in the respective publications of the Acorn we can be reasonably sure that you will take these criticisms for what they are as our readers have done in the past; they are merely personal observations and nothing more.

The amazing Four Freshmen have picked apart several old standards in the past few months and given them their own unique interpretations such as "Over the Rainbow," "I'll Be Seeing You," and the Frankie Laine original which is undoubtedly the best, "We'll Be To-gether Again." Each of the four boys is a musician in his own right and together they supply their own background which includes a guitar, piano, and trumpet. Speaking of Frankie Laine, since the departure of his piano player, Carl Fisher, (who collaborated with Laine on songs like "We'll Be Together Again," and "It Only Happens Once") as we heard a local disc jockey remark, he seems to lack the spirt in back of his improvisions which made him famous a few years ago. An outstanding example is his latest for Columbia called "Your Heart, My Heart" (A waltz no less) which he had no business making whatsoever. If he patterns his efforts after that hereafter, we may expect to see the gradual termination of a colorful career. Again we see explosive results from foreign imports, (i.e. "Now is the Hour") the latest being an idiotic thing called "Skokiaan". The tune was absurd enough until they put words to it. You just never know what people will buy. The phrase, "My Heart in My Hand," provided a creditable metaphor for the song in which it was first used, however, there's such a thing as spoiling a good thing, as song writers have been doing recently. "Not as a Stranger" is another song like "Forever and Ever" which has everything but original lyrics. Johnny Raye seems to become less noticed as he improves. Contradictory as it may seem, "To Every Girl, to Every Boy," has been outrageously underrated so far and for our money, it rivals or betters anything he might have done in his most profitable days. This Summer saw the advent of a promising young man named Roy Hamilton. An ex-prizefighter, he is rapidly making a big name for himself with "You'll Never Walk Alone," "Ebbtide," and "If I Loved You." About the most universally-liked among the current popular recording artists is Frank Sinatra who is probably enjoying more popularity than he ever has despite what a handful of people think of his private life. Our hats are off to Frankie for a splendid comeback. The Four Aces remain at the top of the list of quartets who have been flooding the record shops lately. "It Shall Come to Pass" is another bit of religious philosophy put to music done by the Aces in their usual, incomparable style. Also, the Four Aces have nearly a carbon copy of themselves in the Four Coins, probably the newest quartet to make their bid for popularity among the vast crowd of vocal groups. We'd like to hear more of them. We're obliged to mention the "Crewcuts" in discussing vocal groups, of course, who have enjoyed a phenomenal rise in the music world since they took it upon themselves to etch the big novelty of the year, "Sh'Boom." As a matter of fact, in view of the current commercial trend, we'd venture to say that Quartets are doubling the money which the soloists are making and will continue to do so indefinitely.

And with this thought we'll leave you until next issue.

Love's Death

As a noise in the desert does not exist,
Unless someone's there to hear,
So my absent love does not exist,
For he whom I love's not near.
He lives, and yet 'tis dead to me;
Beneath the summer sands, he lies.
For only when his lips did free
The love enchained within his eyes,
And when his words were the only balm
To soothe my anxious heart,
Then did he live beneath the calm
Of love's content and beauty's start.

Ah, he and I and love did thrive
Beneath the summer spell.
Then Autumn chill killed love alive,
And like a withered rose—he fell
Into oblivion, away from me.
I stretched and strained, but could not reach,
For he and summer both did flee,
Leaving my life a deserted beach,
A cold, lonely vacancy.
Summer love and summer sun never shall my
heart behold,
For I shall exist until eternity
In winter's darkness and bitter cold.

—Louise Agurkis.

ACORNITIS

Sophomore Shavings

To start this off, we'd like to show you how modern we're getting up here. Section four of this class is going star-gazing up at the airport some night soon as a part of geography. However, warning that it isn't to be a pleasure trip has been issued.

Have you noticed the cute shag haircuts of Marilyn Stewart, Kay Dolan, and "Cookie" Melfsky?

You must have noticed "Soo's" orange sweater by now, too. It's real sharp.

We hear that Judy Anderson, back from the hospital had a pretty nice Summer at Sterling. A certain Kim Cole has been taking up all her attention since then.

And who's this N.B of the freshman class that Bob Johnson has his eye on? He's a traitor to our class, we're afraid.

Like to liven up a conversation? Tell Frannie Savasta and Claire Cavanaugh that you hope Holy Cross loses. We're not responsible for results!

We hear that Bob Witt, jockeying an elevator in an uptown store, has got stuck between floors, sometimes, with certain passengers. Is it just coincidence that these passengers are female, Robert?

For an unpredictable reaction, ask Mary Walsh to demonstrate her speech lesson for you by yelling, "Halt"!

Not that this is a music column, but don't you love the smooth way Sarah Vaughan sings "Make Yourself Comfortable"?

Don't think your mind is playing tricks if you think you see a phantom of the "twenties" haunting the hallways. It will probably just be Mickey Keefe in her real crazy raccoon coat.

Nominated as the girls with the cutest giggles of our class are Gail Canane, Mary Powers, and Joan Moran. For a dramatic performance, arrive in the cafeteria about eight-thirty any morning.

While we're nominating candidates, we'd like to put some names down for the nicest voices. Beth Thompson, Adele Abood, and Eleanor Riordan could give "Rosemary" some tough competition.

Here's a notice to all those lovers of Italian club sandwiches. Lorraine Saben, employed at a certain ten-cent store, would just love to whip up a dozen or so for you. Incidentally, she also has another interest, named Bob.

Eddie Thursby's final conclusion of a physics problem is "Joe Says." Who can argue with that?

What were you saying about Lakeside, Jane Kelly? Now, you know that Mr. Eager is understanding!

Joann Ryan nearly lost her shoes the other night, in church, of all places! Of course, a few of her supposed friends aided the situation a little.

And what's this about our Fran Sullivan deserting the ranks and favoring the females of another

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Senior Class

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reading novels for their new contemporary literature course, a course which many secondaries also would enjoy having. There is just one thing the elementaries are trying hard to find—TIME! Also, they have turned into a class of Mr. Peeperses, running around identifying flowers and collecting bugs. We were told in school that no good student goes to class without his pencil and no good carpenter goes to work without tools—so no good elementary goes anywhere without his or her bottle of carbon tetrachloride. Oh well, when we're all on the stage receiving our coveted diplomas, we'll think back and decide that all this worrying and energy-exerting was really worthwhile. But until then, if someone has some quiet mountain cabins he would like to rent to us at a reasonable price, in fact, at a cheap price, in fact, for nothing, and if he knows someone, in authority, who would be willing to give seniors a week's leave of absence, by all means contact us immediately. We'll be so grateful that we'll dedicate our yearbook to you.

Camera Column

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whether or not The Camera Column should be a regular monthly feature of the Acorn.

Now for a little bit about taking pictures this month. The tendency of most amateurs is to go out on a beautiful October day and shoot everything in sight. Naturally, you get plenty of pictures, but very few are outstanding. The trick is to pick out only what really catches the eye, and photograph that. Then the picture also will be eye-catching. If you are shooting color, remember that a colorful scene may not be good color. Try to find a scene that has a good color balance which is pleasing to the eye.

At the time this is going to press, I haven't been able to pick up the latest news in the world of photography, so we'll have to save that for next month. In the mean time, don't forget to give me your suggestions about the column, so that the following articles will be a big hit with all you shutterbugs!

Sports

BOBBIN' AROUND!!

By BOB DANA

Welcome back upper classmen, and a brand new welcome for the freshmen. As this year's freshmen class is the largest one in the history of the college, we may well expect to see a big lift for the ball clubs here at State.

Why was it not possible to go through with the plans for a track team last year? A few of the male students here at the college, along with Mr. Mockler, endeavored to strike up the interest of the student body. It seemed, however, that State was not ready for a track team. We hope that it will be more favorably received this year.

No word as yet as to when coach Jack Eager will call out the basketball boys. Most of last year's team is returning, to mention only a few: Jack Hayes, Eddie Grant, Bill Ferris, Bob Ashe, Dave Shea, Jack Regele, Chick Simon, and Mutt Eldridge. Come to think of it, only two of these eight are seniors this year. If the basketball team's record this year shows more than one or two defeats it will be a great surprise.

It's quite possible that the Lancers will face the roughest schedule ever, when they participate in the New England Teachers College Conference. This conference is a league composed of teacher's colleges from all over New England.

Intra-mural sports should be starting early this year. As we see it the defending champs of intra-mural football should take it again—only this year under a new title . . . the Junior Secondaries.

Thought for the month. . . . When trying to reach the top—do not use others as stepping stones.

Keep Your Eye on the Team

Girls only! This is for **you.** The reason why I have decided on this subject is because most of us have a very vague understanding of that great American sport-football. I know we love to sit in the bleachers and munch on popcorn, and then get up and cheer when our team carries the ball over the goal line. But, let us see if we can try to understand the game a little bit more, and the next time your favorite boyfriend takes you along you will astonish him.

Every football team has eleven players. A good football team has eleven hard-fighting, sturdy players who have been coached to work as a unit. In the gridiron game as in every sport, each man has a special job to do. Eeach of these jobs is as important as the other, though one or two may be more spectacular.

Each football team has two main jobs: offensively, to gain goals or points; defensively, to prevent like-opposition team from doing likewise. Both of these jobs have certain tactics that are worked out in practice, but as the game goes on, the choice of tactics may change, according to the strength and weakness of the opposition.

The offensive play begins with the huddle. Many of you wonder what is going on in that little circle behind the ball. I always used to call it their tea party. The huddle is the board of strategy where each player is given his instructions for the play. One of the four players in the backfield is the chairman of the board of strategy and he is called the "play-caller." His job is very important as it is up to him to spot the weaknesses of the opposite team and to choose plays which take advantage of these weaknesses.

Now the team is out of the huddle. They are ready for an offensive play. Notice the forward line. They open up holes through which the ball-carrier can get through. Now watch the players "run interference." They are going to force or block out the opposing players who are surrounding the carrier. Now he should gain some ground.

Now let us see what each of the players special job is that makes the team a unit. Every team is divided into the "line" and the "backfield." The big difference between the two is that the line is the weight-pushing department and the backfield consists of the runners and ball-carriers. The line is made up of two ends, two guards, two tackles and the center. The backfield has four men and they are named according to the different offensive plays.

Before we go any further I think we should explain a little about "downs". The offensive team must make ten yards in every four plays called "downs." As soon as the ten yards are gained (on one of the four downs) the team is given four more downs to make ten more yards. If the team does not make the ten yards, the ball is given to the defense—which becomes the offense. You've often heard the expression "first and ten". Now you will know this means the first down and ten yards to go. It is up to the play-caller to decide just what type of strategy is to be used whether it be to kick, pass, run, etc.

There are many different plays the team might use. There is the forward pass. The receiver gets set for the catch and then dashes for the goal. Then there is the Line Plunge. The line plunges against the opposite team trying to open a hole through which the ball carrier can get through. The quick kick is a fast play which has won many ball games. It is very useful when time is running out. The most common play is the end run. The ball-carrier flies around the end. If he is successful, it is very exciting.

Unfortunately the team is not always in the offensive. When the opposing team has possession of the ball, it is up to the defense to defend its goal line. The most popular defensive formation is the 6-2-2-1. This means six men in the forward line, two men behind the line, two more in back of those, and one in back. This formation is common because it can be used at any point on the field.

Last and most confusing is the matter of penalties. The most common penalty is being "offside". This means one of the players has crossed the scrimmage line before the center has passed the ball. The penalty for this is five yards. Another penalty is "clipping". This occurs when a defensive player comes from behind the ball-carrier and throws his body against him. This causes the loss of fifteen yards. Another common fault is "unnecessary roughness". This means exactly what it sounds like, and the penalty is fifteen yards.

The most important thing to remember when you are watching a football game is not to concentrate on one single player with the ball under his arm, but consider the whole team as a unit.

The next time you visit the stadium, watch the game with new eyes. Now that you have an understanding of what occurs on the field you will go on learning more. Don't be afraid to ask questions. I'll promise you that besides carrying a pennant and cheering with the crowd, you will be on your way to being a fan, and you will really enjoy football. It's really a wonderful sport.

W.A.A. "Us Girls"

Here we go again with another year of W.A.A. activity and here I go with a plea to all new and old members to support its program solidly.

Last year's program was successfully ended with the first Father-Daughter banquet in the history of our W.A.A. organization. Awards were presented to those girls who had been most active in their support and plans were made at this banquet for the new year. Our out-going president handed over the duties of her office to Carole Cormier, the new "prexy." Other officers for the year 1954-55 are: Carole Marshall, vice-president; Lois Goode, treasurer; and Joan Halliday, secretary.

This year's activities opened with a "Bermuda Barbecue" and treasure hunt with the Freshmen as guests of the upper-classmen. The girls started out on the hunt being very dangerous to the life and limb of all those that crossed their path. Professors going in and out of the extension classes had to run for their lives. Many of us are of the suspicion that we were sent out so as they could get the eats ready.

Our first bowling day was held on Thursday, Oct, 21, and if the turnout is as good for the rest of our activities, we may be sure of a successful year. Scores for this tournament were slightly low (slightly, they were ridiculous) for the most part. Oh, there were about three good scores out of thirty.

Perhaps as there is such a keen interest in bowling we should have some intra-mural competition. If you are interested contact your representative so it can be discussed at a board meeting.

Also on the slate for this year is volleyball, basketball, softball, tennis, and pingpong. This year will determine whether the Juniors can maintain there undefeated record. It seems unlikely with the talent of the Freshman class. Although off-hand I know of about eight girls who are known in the N.E. A.A.U. circuit. This seems to be the year Juniors, either you sink or swim.

Again I say support the W.A.A. You've paid your activity fee, now use it. SUPPORT THE W.A.A.

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class with his presence? Is it really true, Mr. S.?

To all car-owners who have difficulty in finding a parking space, follow the example of Anne Spets, and get a tiny English Ford like the one she whizzes around in. It can fit in the most unlikely places.

Ever notice how much Frank Warren resembles Richard Widmark? Of course, since he's a member of our illustrious class, we think he's a lot cuter and much less sinister.

The motto of Don Fancy and Tom Jackson has now become "Cease the babbling!" It really does sound more polite than "Shut up!", boys, but it's rather startling at first.

State Teachers Report Due Soon

For the past year, Robert X. Tivnan, a State Representative, has been a member of a special commission making a comprehensive study of the problems of the ten State Teachers Colleges. His report (which at this writing has not yet been issued) in combination with public hearings which will begin in November will form the nucleus of the special commission's report which will be issued on or about January 15, 1955. As the number of reports printed will be limited, persons desiring a copy may write to Mr. Tivnan at 2 Louise street, Worcester. Mr. Tivnan hinted that his report predicts a great future for the Worcester State Teachers College.

In Training

Naval Aviation Cadet Eugene F. Trainor, son of Mrs. Eugene F. Trainor of 465 Lake Avenue, Worcester, Mass.; recently flew his first solo flight here.

Cadet Trainor has learned the primary principles of the control of aircraft in flight, and with the successful completion of his first solo, has made an important step toward becoming a naval aviator.

Before leaving the Naval Auxiliary Air Station, Whiting Field for more advanced training, Cadet Trainor will receive instruction in precision air work and acrobatics.

He attended Classical High School at Worcester, Mass., and Worcester State Teachers College, Worcester, Mass., before entering the Naval Aviation Cadet Program through the Naval Air Station, South Weymouth, Mass.

Senior Scoops

And away we go—

Ever see a marine with a bib? Talk to Jack Finlay . . . The phone at the McTighe household has been quite busy lately— with all those out-of town calls. . . . Hope Ann End's poor health improves. . . . New Hampshire's charms draw Dolores Manning in the Fall as well as the Summer . . . Louise Agurkis never did make it as far as the Purple Patcher. Flat tire, Lou? . . . Mary Donahue constantly humming "Gee how I wish I was in Michigan." . . . Tomato and Co. are tired of the same old yes and no. The words of the hour are "yub" and "nobe". . . . Pat Kneeland's driving coach awarded a medal for bravery in action. . . Which dignified secondary hates to make an announcement minus tie? . . . Alice Nugent seen traveling incognito with horn-rimmed glasses and cigarett holder. . . . Fran Rouleau has become "one of the boys". . . . Carole Cormier claims old friends are the best friends. . . . News of Clare O'Flynn's party traveled right down to Maryland, and an investigator was sent up. . . . Jack Reynolds is going to take a sentimental journey south come next long week-end. . . . Why has Pauline Kane's job suddenly become more interesting? . . . Pat Sullivan is going to put her artistic talent to use—painting murals on fraternity walls. . . . Margie Cavanaugh has cornered the market on Crusade jewelry. . . . Swampscott couldn't have been as quiet as those tactful cards suggested . . . Are Florida bugs tax deductible? . . . Hear Barbara Mack's family adopted fifteen literary children. . . . Rumors have it that the female sex at Grafton Street Junior High started an O'Day Fan Club. . . . Senior cheerleaders sure had a tough eliminating job in their ranks. . . . Who is "Coogie" standing on tip-toe to see in Miss Kendrick's glee club? . . . What is the attraction that is drawing Jack Hayes to Boston? . . . Congratulations to Chris Dionis who has taken the final leap, and to Joan Casey, who is on the first step. . . . The yearbook will sport a new bathing beauty—Paul Sullivan. . . . The faculty has started taking Geritol in order to be "live ones" at the senior-faculty fete.

Must whiy away now. Be good to your mothers and fathers, and don't forget the ever popular Mae Bush!

Bob Sigda surprised many non-participants (the cowards' at the latest dance by his sharp jitterbugging. Rivaling him in the terpsichorean department (dig that crazy word) was Cynthia Ponty, as full of energy as ever.

Has everyone noticed the gorgeous shade of Fran Tracey's eye by now? He really has a good excuse for it, though.

Anyone notice that poor frustrated actor, dressed like Sitting Bull, who was advertising that movie on one of the coldest days of the year? Wonder if we'd do that much for our profession!

Because of professional fitness, and also because we haven't been here too long, we haven't put down anything too scandalous in this issue. However, there is always the future!

May we leave you with a little gem gleaned from the announcer of one of those late, late shows. Who said it is a mystery, to us, anyway, but we shall take poetic license and quote it. Ah, what chances we take to provide you with uplifting thoughts!

"Compliments are like perfume; they should be inhaled, but not swallowed."

One major U. S. coal organization, comprising 14 companies, with mines in Missouri, Kentucky, Kansas, Ohio, Oklahoma, Illinois, Indiana, and Iowa, last year produced 8,761,838 tons of bituminous solely by surface mining methods.

Editorial

Generally speaking, the student body of the Worcester State Teachers College has abandoned the fun and frivolity so commonly associated with summer vacations for the sake of an education, realizing that the fruit of earnest labor will manifest itself in the form of a college degree.. Even though the library isn't populated to capacity during free hours, the students seem to regard the pursuit of education seriously and for this they must be commended.

However, in any group, there are always members whose conduct does not speak well for the rest. This is to be expected—but is it to be tolerated? Certain individuals have found an outlet for their warped personalities and perverted natures by drawing obscene pictures on the walls of the locker rooms and lavatories. What is to be done about such immature people whose minds find kinship with the smut and filth of the gutter?

The objective of this article is not to offer a solution but rather to inform the guilty ones that future offences will not be casually passed over but dealt with accordingly. As the surgeon amputates the poisoned limb to save the life, so should the student body rid itself of the few that would taint all with disgrace and stigma.

FORMULA

Yesterday, following our usual custom, we entered the corner store, pushed a coin across a finger-smudged showcase, and walked off with the daily paper clutched tightly under our arm. Arriving home, we threw our coat across the usual chair and eagerly scanned, "Ye Daily Clarion" for the latest news about this world of ours.

As we read we accepted with calm resignation the news that:

1. Global atom warfare is nearer.
2. The polio epidemic is spreading.
3. Southern schools are disagreed on integration.
4. Russia discovers the H-bomb.

These topics along with other choice bits of despondency, comprise the main course of modern America's daily diet. The writers of said topics offer no feasible solutions and in lieu of calm analytical thinking they rush about madly shouting such phrases as "Acheson's stupidity" or "Roosevelt's Treason". In short, they berate those who can no longer defend themselves, exploit the pessimistic side of our problems, and in general, endeavor to tell us that living is pointless and that we, as a race, are doomed anyway.

Someone should tell these people that the world has been in difficult situations before and has managed to pull through them. When the Bubonic Plague swept through Europe decimating a third of its population—when this nation fought a civil war that many thought would destroy us- -and when the aims of a mustached little man in Germany became evident to us all, the world didn't deem itself crushed and abandon all hope of deliverance. Instead, the people called upon their courage and resourcefulness, and these, with the aid of God, enabled them to overcome their crisis. It's a simple formula that has worked for others—why shouldn't it work for us?

J. W.

ESCAPE

In the midst of—
Chaotic bewilderment and depression—
A thought comes:

The ocean should be fierce and wild tonight,
It should lash an angry vengeance on the sand.

I curse its pure serenity — I curse its
Moonlit path that lures my feet —
the quiet breeze that takes my hand.

I am restless, troubled beyond reason.
The ocean's spirit should coincide with mine.

I call it treacherous traitor — I call it
Satan for its false promise —
vinegar subtly mixed with wine.

It whispers, "Come to me, if you seek peace.
These age old waters heal all time's inflicted sores."

I yield to its persistent bribes — I yield to
the waiting arms of death —
the ocean embraces me and kisses the barren shores.

And there ensues —
Sweet oblivion and peace —
Rest at last! —Nancie Kane.

DEFINITIONS

Richard Pingeton

OVEREXPOSE . . . To take off more than you meant to.
LUMBAR REGION . . . Wooded area.
IMPECCABLE . . . Chicken with a stiff neck.
VALANCE . . . A female valet.
REFINED . . . To pay the court another ten dollars.
MACADAM . . . First Irishman
RELYING . . . Telling the same fish story again.
NATURAL SELECTION . . . To take the largest piece.
UNDERPINNING . . . Pins that hold up your underwear.
RHAPSODIST . . . One who wraps packages.

Club News

(Continued from Page 1)

to a successful start this year by sponsoring a "Tennis Ball" on Friday, October 1, on the college grounds. It was well attended by faculty and students who enjoyed this new idea in the line of social activities. The new officers who are responsible for the activities of the association this year are as follows: president, Carolyn Wainwright; vice president, Andrew Nicholas; treasurer, Edgar Warner; secretary, Helen Levin; and social chairman, Bess Alexander. Plans are now being made for the annual Thanksgiving projects of the club and the Second Annual Smorgasbord to be held at a future date.

The Newman Club has as its objective the promotion of Catholic Action within the student body at Worcester State Teachers College. The calendar for the forthcoming season includes a combination of business-social meetings, parties and religious conferences. This year, the club is planning to open with a Holy Hour, and later in the season, special parties, as well as informative lectures, will be held at the club center on Salisbury Street. Remember, the Newman Center is open to Newmanites on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday from 9:30 A. M. to 11:00 P. M. President of this club is Edward F. Grant, Patricia McGuire is vice-president. Elaine F. Curran is secretary and James J. O'Brien is treasurer. Social co-chairmen are Carole Cormier and Janice Dalbeck.

On Friday, October 8, Gamma Chi chapter of Kappa Delta Pi initiated seven new members into this honorary society in education. They are: Sally Blood, Marjorie Cavanaugh, Carole Cormier, Earlene Ferren, John Hayes, Madeline McGinn, and Helen Wright. Big things are p'anned, for this year marks the twentieth anniversary of this society at Worcester State Teachers College.

Orientation was the first step on the stairway of a successful year of the Student Advisory Council, as the newly-elected representatives of the Freshman class, Raymond Comeau and Paul Lekstrom, were initiated to their duties as Council members. Thomas Jackson was chosen as secretary, and the business of the All-College Dance was discussed. This dance was a success beyond expectation. Another important issue was that of the Swampscott Conference; James Sheahan, President of the Council, was called upon to accompany the group to the conference. Dr. Winslow and Miss O'Donnell are to chaperone the delegates to this conference.

Pennsylvania

(Continued from Page 1)

two beaver skins annually and one fifth of all the hard stuff stilled."

"Deuced good," said Willie. "I'm sure that there are no beaver in Sylvania."

"Where?" "Sylvania" replied Willie "means woodland. Penn's woodland, Penn's Sylvania, that's a bit 'alright."

ON HEROES

Glistening sands shift in the torrid sun.
From time immemorial they change their shape:
Worn fine, furrowed, shaken, ground by eternal years.
Still they are sands.

This is war:
Unbearable noise; the roar, the sharp crack, the endless pounding.
Terrifying sights; the crimson blood, the scarred faces, the broken bodies. And anyman, half dead, twisted
horrified features; mud covered, blood spattered; body gleaming sweat, wringing salt rain from open pores
moves onward.

This is peace:
Seemingly endless the brown earth in giant ribbons stretches out.
Pitifully small, one man, one horse, one plow, churn the rich soil to life.
From dawn's sparkling dew to evening's purple shadow the harrowed ground
moves onward.

This is death:
Lower the flickering candle is burning.
Blobs of white wax start their slow journey down its shortened length.
Long lines telescope and eternity beckons.
The dying flame casts a last fleeting glance upon a smiling visage and
moves onward.

All is life:
Each man living or dead is a hero to someone.
—Winslow.

Maybe Ol'e GranDaddy is Kerect

Seems like fists were flyin' all over the lot at Shibe Park a while back and man it shore seemed good to the younger fellers who'd heard some of the ol'e timers scoff at the gentle Sunday school conduct of the modern players.

Heck yes! This ought to make that ole coon dog granpappy holler 'nuff" and admit that baseball in the fifties could be just as rough as it were in, say 1900.

Well Grandpap admitted it were a purty good fight there in Philly, as far as fights go: forty Phils and New York Giants hootin' and ahollerin' out on the field and swanging', tuggin', and just fussing around in one confusing knot till the ole Umps finally got up 'nuff nerve and cops to edge out on the field and break it up.

"Just what the papers needed for their editorials, a chance to yell about the "growin' tendency of rowdyism and muckerism in sports today—," coming on the heels of ole Steve O'Neill's charges that the Injuns used spies to steal signs of his Bawston Red Sox in Cleveland, plus li'l Ed Stanky's imitation of one of those wind mills to distract batters.

But 'ole grandpappy sets back, and draws real hard on his corncob and sneers "isolated incidents." "Son," he says, thets what he calls me, "Son you should have been around fifty years ago . . ."

And this is whard'e grandad goes by that book. In Reach's Official Baseball Guide" for 1901, you discover that they passed a rule to outlaw kicking, rowdy playing and game delaying. And it seems like this were a purty good idea and the reason about as obvious as Dusty Rhodes hittin' in the Series because glancing at Reach's "Chronology of 1900 season" hyer are a few pungent samples you run into:

April 30—Catcher "Doggy" Miller of Fort Wayne assaulted Umpire Miler on the field and was slapped with a $100 fine and suspended.

May 6—Manager Fred Clarke of Pitt, and Infielder Childs of Chicago got into a cracker jack fight in a railroad station.

June 4—Catcher Hunt at Petersburg whacked Umpire Adams, whereupon Adams lands one on Hunt's jaw, knocking him out completely.

August 11—At Milwaukee, Ole Umpire McDonald, mobbed by the local gentry, was escorted from the field.

August 14—St. Louis, Wolverton socked McGonn while running to first, then McGonn threw the ball and thumped Wolverton on the back of the noggin and the two players went at it and raised more fuss than a hog tyin' contest.

Yes sir, Grandpappy rests his case.

Ashe.

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
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WORCESTER, MASS.

The Acorn

Vol. XIII. Worcester State Teachers College, Worcester, Mass., Friday, April 15, 1955 No. 4

SOPHOMORE PROM TONIGHT

APPEASEMENT

The United States Military Command is of the opinion that Red China will not go to war when the chips are down. This opinion is based on a careful and concise evaluation of the total situation.

The communists are aware that war with the United States involves a gamble with destruction and defeat. By war, I must emphasize that I imply the old traditional meaning of the word, that is, a military conflict engaging the entire resources of the opponents, not the political farce which was Korea. Such a total war shall have disastrous results on the entire Chinese nation.

This is the situation militarily today: The United States Air Force is capable of attacking China from several directions. United States bombers in Korea, with old restraints removed, can strike China from positions anywhere off of the China coast. Our largest "strategic" bombers can change the topography and general shape of China from huge bases on Okinawa, the Philippines, Japan, and Guam.

The United States Army can attack China effectively from the South; Rhee's three-hundred thousand man army in Korea is aching for a chance to unite their country, and they could strategically launch a major offensive from the North; Chiang's army of six-hundred thousand on Formosa has been prepared for years for the same total offensive in central China. China would be faced with a useless struggle in maintaining forces on three fronts.

The power of the United States Seventh Fleet is here also, with a punch that consists of a variety of atomic weapons, missles, rockets, and a naval artillery ready to be turned loose.

This is our state of affairs. This is what stands behind our conference tables, our stern notes, our stirring ovations.

I ask what stands behind giving Red China the Tachen Islands without inflicting a single casualty on her forces? What stands behind the obvious gift of Quemoy and Matsu to China? Are our diplomats walking down the sad road of appeasement, the course of which ends in humiliation, disgust, anxiety, and fear? Have they forgotten a divided Germany, a communist Poland, a ridiculous Indo-China, and an unbelievable Korea, are the results of appeasement?

I do not believe war can solve anything. Its very nature inflicts such damage on opposing sides that it is useless as a means of settling international disputes. But if and when war is forced upon us, we have no alternative than to apply every available means to bring it to a swift end. War's very object is victory — not prolonged indecision. In war, there can be no substitute for victory.

Now, in my complete and obvious inexperience, I offer my layman's solution to such a complex situation, of which many answers must be integrated to form a whole.

I believe that we must draw a line. I have no idea where, that is up to our military strategists; a line, a move across which shall mean total, complete, and unfaltering determination to kill the communist cancer.

It is a tragic and gigantic situ-

(Continued on Page 3)

The CAMERA COLUMN

The advent of Spring and the Easter Parade creates a feeling of freshness in the air and a keen interest in anything and everything that's "new." The photography industry hasn't disappointed us shutterbugs in our desire for something "new," for one of the greatest advances in photography has recently been announced.

A new area in photography has been born with the announcement of new color films that are fast enough to yield excellent color transparencies when used in box cameras! These new materials are as easy to use as black and white films, and can be processed by the amateur in his own darkroom. That means that color photography is now available to everyone, and in the near future shutterbugs will be processing color films and prints as easily as black and white.

Ektachrome, the first of these new color films, is made by Eastman Kodak, and is now available in 35mm and 828 sizes. Roll film and sheet film will be put on the market this summer. The new product comes in two types: daylight type, for use in sunlight and with blue flashbulbs; and type F, which is balanced for use with No. 5 and No. 25 flashbulbs (no filter in needed, as is the case with older color films).

The second of these new color films, Anscochrome, will be available everywhere at the end of April in 35mm, 120 and 620 sizes, in daylight type only. The manufacturer, Ansco, says that type F film will soon be available in these same sizes. Also in the near future, sheet film balanced for photoflood illumination will be made available by Ansco.

Both Anschochrome and Ektachrome are three times faster than previous color materials (ASA 32). The basic exposure for the daylight films in bright sunlight and average subjects is 1/50 at f11, the

(Continued on Page 2)

A Closer Look

Because we are so completely concerned with acquiring a college education of sorts and with trying to become interesting, unique individuals, we often fail to realize that professors are interesting (in most cases), unique (in a few cases) individuals who also have been to college. They have many ideas and theories on subjects which might both surprise and be of some value to us in our quest for knowledge. One of the modern educational postulates is comradeship between faculty and students. (I think.) This can be better attained by our knowing a little more about the professors who tramp the corridors of W.S.T.C. with their brief cases, maps, and who knows what.

One of the newest members of our faculty is Dr. Bernstein. Dr.

(Continued on Page 3)

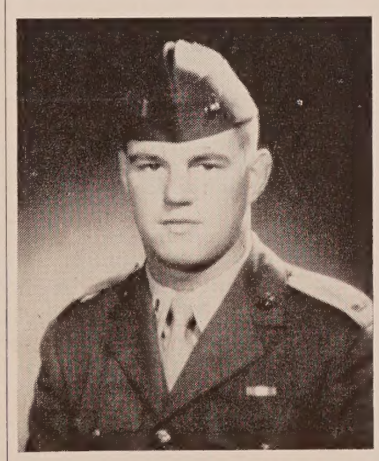
AS THE CRITICS SEE IT

THE GOOD SHEPARD by C. S. Forester, is the saga of an underarmed convoy escort party of five allied vessels, commanded by a 20 year man, Commander George Krause. THE GOOD SHEPARD is the story of the U-boat peril the convoy felt, the mighty seas it had to challenge, the responsibility one man shouldered—Though not yet on the best-seller list, THE GOOD SHEPARD is everything one could ask for in an adventure story of the sea plus the sincerity of a God-fearing main character and minus the melodramatic presence of the female element.

—Raymond A. Comeau, Jr.

QUANTICO, Va.—Two former students of Worcester State Teachers College were graduated recently from the Officers Basic Course at the Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, Virginia.

Both second lieutenants in the Marines, these former students are:



RICHARD E. GREENE

JOHN E. DURKIN

These men were commissioned in the Marine Corps last summer and began the intensive indoctrination course in July. During the training they were instructed in basic amphibious warfare and infantry techniques, leadership, military instruction, and other Marine Corps topics.

Upon completion of the course, the men were ordered to duty with the Fleet Marine Force, or to advanced specialty schools.

Annual Conference Great Success

This column was originally set up to give you, the student, a continuous report on the activities of your Student Council. In this issue we will stray a bit from the usual and in so doing cover an activity which, though financed and guided by the Council, does not include it as an active participant. I, of course, am referring to our taking part in the conference of the Eastern States Association of Professional Schools for Teachers.

This was the thirtieth annual conference of this group and in all probability the biggest. The W.S.T.C. delegation took quite a bit of pride in this as the man who was directly responsible for this success, the President of the Association, was none other than our own President Sullivan. Along this line of thought, I wish to personally, and as President of the Council, congratulate him on a job well done. By the time you get to read this, you will already have heard the reports of your delegates: John Reynolds, Senior; Marie Delaney, Junior; George Ford, Sophomore; Bill Owens, Freshman; and myself, from the Council. In these reports you heard an accurate summary of the meetings which we attended, therefore I see little point in going into them again.

What I do wish to discuss is a separate meeting which I attended on Friday night after the scheduled conferences were over. This was an informal get-together of some fifty student council presidents. In this meeting we discussed our common problems and compared notes on how best to meet them. I am happy to say that at this meeting I received many suggestions which may well make your student council better able to serve you. Among the many subjects covered was the matter of smoking lounges; their set-up, abuse, and control. This is a harassing problem in our school and while I did not find a panacea I did find out how other schools had met the same situation.

At this meeting we drafted a letter to the board of control to the effect that our informal "get-together" be made an integral part of the conference in future years. If this is adopted it might well mean that your S.A.C. and the student governments of all member schools will become stronger, more efficient and better able to meet and overcome their problems.

JIM SHEEHAN.

JUST JAZZ

For anyone writing or talking about jazz, there is no trouble in finding subject matter this month. In the middle of March, while attending a party at the apartment of Baroness Somebody-or-Other, Charlie Parker, the great Yardbird, died of a heart attack. It is no exaggeration to say that he was one of the two or three really great musicians that this country has so far produced.

There are no (well, maybe one or two) modern jazzmen playing today who do not owe a part of their playing to the Bird. Every once in a while a man comes along who plays so well that he stands out head and shoulders over his contemporaries. Such a man was Charlie Parker. When he played, every musician would go to listen, go home to practice, and incorporate what he had heard into his own playing. His sax can be heard every time a modern pianist, trumpeter, trombonist, and (so help me) drummer takes a chorus.

A whole school of jazz, that very adult music with the childishly cute name of bebop, was founded on his

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Club News

Andy Nicholas

The third annual Mother and Daughter Banquet of the A.C.E. was held on March 29, at the Wachusetts Country Club. One of the highlights of this event was the poetry contest in which student members expressed their cherished thoughts about "Mothers" in verse. The winner of this contest was honored at this banquet. Guests at this affair included Dr. Elizabeth Foster, Dr. Elizabeth Barlow, Miss Madeline Wilmarth, and Mr. Eugene Sullivan. Chairman in charge of this banquet was Eleanor Donahue.

The big coming event of the French Club has been postponed until next year due to lack of time. Keep watching for it in next year's paper. The club is now planning for its culminating activities—namely, the election of officers and the annual banquet. Tentative plans have been made to hold the banquet at a French restaurant and really be in the proper atmosphere. At the last meeting Miss McKelligett showed movies and gave a very interesting talk on her visit to France.

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The Acorn

The ACORN is a student publication of the State Teachers College at Worcester, Massachusetts, published monthly, it is printed by Saltus Press, located at 63 Myrtle Street, Worcester, Massachusetts.

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Editorial

In years past, wars used to be considered as rather profitable ventures. Whenever the heads of state of a given nation decided that their nation's economy needed "a bit of a boost", it was usually their policy to send a few thousand troops to some remote corner of the world to fight a war that could last almost indefinitely. Actually, this type of conflict served two purposes: first, it provided people with jobs who would produce the ships, weapons, munitions and other instruments of war; second, the vanquished foe usually paid some sort of tribute, not to mention the riches the contested land yielded.

Wars today are still being waged on a profit incentive, but as the stakes are larger, the proportionately larger risks involved have caused modern men to be more careful than their predecessors. Fantastic weapons such as guns that fire automatically when the target comes into range—guided missiles capable of spanning a continent traveling at thousands of miles an hour—hydrogen bombs, possessing a radio-active content that could poison the world make the spoils of war hardly worth the tremendous risks that have to be taken.

It is now generally believed that any nation utilizing modern weapons to wage war will destroy the very thing it seeks to conquer, and even a child knows that investing money in a dead horse is a pointless venture. Thus, with the profit motive being eliminated by these weapons, is it reasonable to assume that men may lay down their arms realizing that war could only end their own destruction? Or will they fight anyway meaning that the profit motive of World War IV will be the ownership of sticks and stones in the caves that the survivors of World War III will be living in?

VITA

The sky was grey;
and all the day
seemed doomed and lost in misery.

Life was wrong;
no word or song
could melt this frost surrounding me.

Then Spring came!!

The death chain breaks,
as nature wakes,
discarding sleep to laugh and live.

A magic time
of joy sublime;
and I may reap all she will give.

NANCIE KANE.

REPARTEE

My love, why do you always laugh at me
Making jest of my foolish thoughts and ways,
Twisting my mind so I can't find the key
To what you laugh at. My fancy plays
At puzzles, why not let it be.
It hasn't hurt you. You have built a maze
For all my words. Come now,
Relent, and set them free.

Sonnet?

(From Canto VIII)

Hail! O Majestic filament; thou art
Rotund firm and so fully full. O fie!
Thy aroma is as the scent of thy
Stubborn, odoriferous beast, real tart,
Thou celebrate upon thy counterpart,
Thy receptacle. Inducer of my
Inglorious, hacking, gripping bronchi
Of strong mettle and shaking a stout heart.
Spare me fearsome fits of sharp convulsions!
Forsooth, infamous one, thou art but the
Cylindrical satisfier of one's
Heinous hunger. Thy price is misery.
Execration of terrible ladies;
Sorceresses, from the evil Hades!

The preceding was shamelessly taken from the inspired works of an unknown English hack popularly referred to as "Anonymous" because unknown writers are so denoted. Rumor has it that "Anonymous" was a frustrated student par excellence of John Milton. Written in one of the most turbulent eras of English history, the effort cynically records one of the most sought after commodities of the day, tobacco, as a curse and burden to mankind. The writer abused his poetic license around the period in English history reigned by that misfortunate monarch, King James I.

It is said that the uncelebrated penned his gift to the literary world during moments of **"white** heat." Fortunately, we are able to reproduce for posterity but a minute portion of Volume I of the unknown genius' work as the remaining Volumes I through IX have never been located although a number of scholars have spent a great deal of time and effort in attempts to locate the material as well as determine the identity of the originator.

Ironically enough, as the story goes, in later years, Anonymous did an abrupt about face as to his previous stand on tobacco, and while lighting his bowl one day quite accidentally naturally) fired his relatively ostentatious beard.

As luck would have it, the unwelcome blaze was quickly quenched but not before every hair had rapidly disappeared from his flaming countenance. Well, at the time, facial coiffures were real cricket, and, of course, Anonymous had to confine himself to his abode until he once again could present a bewhiskered visage. As it turned out, in spite of numerous cultivation methods employed, the hair refused to grow back. Embarrassed, and now a social outcast due to immodest display of his exposed features, Anonymous died soon after of extreme mortification.

—By Ken Winquist.

Camera Column

same as for the most popular black and white films. With the extension of color photography to all levels through these new materials, Spring 1955 certainly heralds a great day for photography.

In other news, Governor Herter has proclaimed October 2-8, 1955, "Photography Week." The Photographic Society of America will hold its annual convention in Boston during that week.

The STC Camera Club is now putting on a drive for membership. There are only two membership requirements: genuine interest in photography, and sincere willingness to cooperate, participate, and work for advancement of the club. All who would like to join, please sign up in Mr. Taylor's office. Anyone interested in the club should sign up now so that the club can hold at least one meeting this term in order to organize and plan a successful program for next year. By hesitating to join now, you are forcing the club to wait till September to organize properly. This means that next year's program would be far less successful than it will be if we organize the club this month. So if you want a really good camera club at STC, join now and help to plan a worthwhile program for next year.

—Leonard Salvin.

CONDEMNATION OF COFFEE

By CORINNE SHEA

Taking exams is a form of torture
Physical, mental, and filled with pain.
It's a scheme designed by some sinister force
To make every student become insane.

My personal thought on this great idea
Is that someone's glad of our misery.
And after pondering it, I've decided
That it's the coffee industry.

Do you know the percentage of coffee consumed
By students trying hard to cram?
Well, neither do I, but it must be high
On that fateful "Eve of Exam."

Perhaps 'way back when we weren't around,
(Though it must have been dull before our time)
Some boy genius of a coffee-bean-grower
Thought up a way to make coffee sales climb.

He wormed his way into the minds of the men
Who ran our hallowed halls of learning,
And suggested exams, both mid-year and final
To get the collegiate's "wood"-a-burning!

The idea seemed pretty "hot" to the profs,
If you'll excuse the unpardonable pun,
So they started inflicting the brain-storm upon us
And once it began, the deed was done.

Now, all you good students, noble and true
Who want to abolish this misery,
Dispense with the promoter of the exam,
The heartless coffee industry!

TIME

Old and musty, thumbed the pages,
Yellowed and faded with time;
"There are Four Clouds"
"When were you Born?"
Behind each one the seconds
Flash of genius that died.
And they mocked him.

He went to plow the unbroken levels,
And sat down near the stream.
It gurgled, "O work, man to work."
A spring of springs' green grass tasted
Sweet and fresh. And so he dreamed.
Unheeded the spring still gurgled
"To work, man to work."

The snow now covers the unbroken levels.
Under a drift the rotting, rusted plow stands
The ice-capped stream still gurgles
"To work, man to work."

Tired and grey he sits holding an old book
With yellow faded pages . . .
Eyes grown dim as time's light fades.
Eternal sleep beckons.
"There are Four Clouds"
"When were you Born?"
And they mock him.

Winslow.

AN EASTER PRAYER

O Christ! our Lord,
We beckon Thee,
And join in humble prayer,
That someday men,
On bended knee,
Will sing Thy joyous air.
But most of all,
We ask of Thee,
A blessing for those we love,
O Christ! our Lord,
We beg of Thee,
Your guidance from above.

R. A. C.

Tomolonius Says:

Every now and then the popular music world seems to get the urge to renew old standards. This is very true of the quartets like the Four Aces who have revived many songs like "I Understand", "I'll Never Smile Again," "La Rosita" and more lately "There Goes My Heart." The Gaylords on the same idea have renewed "The Isle of Capri" and their latest "The Woodpecker Song." Roy Hamilton's every record seems to be a standard. For example, his name has been made on the likes of "If I Loved You", "You'll Never Walk Alone", "If You Are But a Dream", and "The House I Live In". For our part these are all a refreshing change from the rock-and-roll type of thing that is currently making its way to the top of the recording heap. Bill Haley, rock-and-roll's most successful exponent, can base his fortune on one thing and one thing only, that being continuity. Continuity is the thing that seems to make rhythm-and-blues such a favorite these days. Of course, if it ever came to a showdown, rhythm-and-blues has infinitley more expression and unlike its rival, it is not novelty.

Johnny Desmond's " Play Me Hearts and Flowers" is catching on. If the disc-jockeys have nominated Bod Manning as the most underrated recording artist of the day then ours is Desmond. Perez Prado certainly gets a fine sound out of that trumpet on "Apple-Blossom Time." Alan Dale's version of the same is anti-climatic.

We caught Sammy Davis Jr., on the Totem Pole Matinee a few Sundays ago and decided to go all the way in agreeing with the M.C. regarding his being the most versatile in the business. "All of You" may not get by the censors, however.

Jackie Paris is another artist like Roy Hamilton who prefers standards. His initial recording, "Skylark", and recently recorded "More Than You Know" were both well received by the public. We were sure that Frankie Laine would get around to someday recording "Cool Water" and the other day while we made our way through a local five-and-ten cent store we were stopped by the familiar voice and lyrics eminating from one corner. It may catch on and again it may not. If nobody else likes it, we do.

"Three Coins in the Fountain" got the Academy Award recently which surprised no one. And as "Tweedle Dee" fades "Dance With Me, Henry" takes its place and somehow or other Georgia Gibbs continues to bellow her way to fortunes.

And with this note concerning the famous Worcester natives we leave you.

Just Jazz

(Continued from Page 1)

alto. While bebop, per se, is dead, the way which it pointed, the abandonment of the stereotyped forms of the thirties, is the path that jazz has taken ever since a small group of musicians dared to play a brand new music. The little group of men—Parker, Gillespie, Monk, Harris—who gathered every night at Minton's Playhouse in Harlem to play sounds that they couldn't play anywhere else expanded into an immense movement, with members from Tokyo to Copenhagen.

His playing cannot be described. His vices can. For this reason, those who are anti-bop are glad to point out his faults; those who are pro-bop, being content to enjoy his music, are slow to rise to his defense. He was a musician's musician, never very popular, and he will never be very popular. His monument will be the scores of wonderful records he left. His pallbearers are the thousands of young musicians who have copied him. —Don Fancy.

A Closer Look

(Continued from Page 1)

Bernstein began his higher education at New York City College, where he received his Bachelor's Degree in 1944. During the **same year** he obtained his Master's Degree from the University of Michigan. From 1944 to 1946 Dr. Bernstein attended the University of Texas and was awarded his Ph.D. from that university in 1951.

While at N.Y.C.U. Dr. Bernstein was a member of the College History Society; when a senior he was elected president of the Society. He was also elected to Phi Alpha Beta, Honorary History Society, and to Pi Sigma Alpha, Honorary Government Society at the Univ. of Texas.

When Dr. Bernstein began his freshman year of college, he planned to major in science. However, after the first semester he had a sudden change of mind and switched to the social sciences. He majored in history and received his Ph.D. in Latin American studies. As Dr. Bernstein is an expert in this field, it is regrettable that we have no such course here.

Since the study of social sciences inevitably becomes the teaching of social sciences, Dr. Bernstein found himself in the teaching profession. The fact that he comes from a family of teachers may also have had something to do with his choice.

"I like teaching because it gives me an opportunity to read, acquire new ideas and impart them," Dr. Bernstein says.

Dr. Bernstein believes that a teacher must have a thorough knowledge of his subject matter. He does not believe it necessary to have an elaborate preparation of material for a class if one has a complete mastery of his subject. "I rely on my own histrionic ability," he states. There is also no need to spend a great deal of time on motivation. In history Dr. Bernstein says "the presentation is its own motivation."

"In teaching a class I aim at the average or a little above. This offers a challenge to those below average and the others gain much. If you pitch for the lowest members, the upper group will become bored, there is no challenge to the average, and the lower group doesn't try to exert themselves."

When asked if he had any specific advice for the students here, Dr. Bernstein said, "Yes, **read.** I find the students greatly lacking in background."

I replied that many of us would like to read but can't find the time because of homework, part-time jobs, and extra curricula activities. But Dr. Bernstein answered, "When I was an undergraduate, I worked 40 hours a week in a laundry yet found time to read at least one or two books per week."

POSTLUDE TO REMOVING BOY FRIEND'S PICTURE FROM BUREAU

It is finished.
Reason says clearly that it is.
Mind agrees and says, "It is well that it is finished."
But Heart is stubborn.
Heart resists, and insists that Reason can be wrong, and—
What is Mind anyway?

—J. Shaw.

Appeasement

(Continued from Page 1)

ation in which we find ourselves, but it is not an impossible one. We have faced many of the same in our history. We have always come out on top due to our determination and insight. It is not part of the American psychology to appease. We play a game to win, we don't pay our opponents or our ref's to win. We must not pay China now nor anyone else to stop bothering us.

Let's talk little and wave a telephone pole; and if we have to, let's swing it where and when it is needed.

Let's make appeasement a forgotten word, unused and soon dead. —George G. Ford.

ACORNITIS

HI FRESHMEN! Heard the latest gossip? Carol Anderson has been pushing the sale of bubble gum lately. Could it be that Don's picture is on the inside? . . . Who's John Dowling's secret admirer . . . It seems Betty Belanger has fond memories when she hears the hit tune "Sincerely"? . . . Bill Belanger had a new addition in the family a few months ago . . . Girls—snatch a glance at Bob Fougere . . . Have Betty Berry and Rod been learning Indian customs? . . . F1 wants to challenge F5 again . . . Dir Pat Greenhalgh finish those socks yet? . . . Carol Roseen has been receiving an awful lot of letters lately . . . Does Jane Vecchione play ping-pong every noon hour? . . . The Freshmen girls want to know if a certain teacher was really engaged to three red-heads . . . Marie Fitzgibbons, Judy Gahagan, and Mary LeBlanc have been showing off their newly acquired purple and gold garters . . . Does Connie Doherty love his books so much that he ties up traffic on Chandler street to pick them up or was he trying to impress Maureen? . . . Does Connie Polini have a tall, blond, H.C. man in mind? . . . Incidentally, she was recently chosen queen of the Carroll Club prom along with Carole Flynn as a member of her court . . . S.T.C. Freshmen don't do too bad after all . . . Many think that Astrid Tollefson should give Allen a break . . . What's Grace Power's attraction in F6? . . . No one need worry about Billy Owens in New York. He does all right for himself . . . Understand a few of the Freshmen took in the opening of the Drive-Ins . . . Is it true that Dick Carbone was awarded the Oscar by the F1 girls? . . . Are Paul Dillon and Gail Canane keeping steady company now? . . . What Junior has Joan Cuddy been seen with? . . . Has Joyce Jones been taking in any Webster night clubs lately? . . . Congratulations to Christine Hager for the new addition to her fourth finger, left hand . . . Is it true that Jean Collaro has never been to a Drive-In? . . . Rosemary Carroll has been studying her memoirs at Wentworth Institute recently . . . What

(Continued on Page 4)

Club News

(Continued from Page 1)

The International Relations Club has been very active in their monthly meetings. In the January meeting Dr. Sterling S. Hayden, professor at Clark University, gave an extremely interesting talk on American Foreign Policy in Europe. Several club members engaged in a serious debate on Formosa in the February meeting. It proved to be very successful and aroused much interest in the subject. For March, Mr. Tarek Shawaf, a student from Worcester Polytechnic Institute and a former resident of Arabia, spoke about his country. More interesting speakers and debates will be scheduled for future meetings.

On Monday evening, March 21, the members of the Literary Club traveled to Boston to see the play, "The Honeys", starring Hume Crown and Jessica Tandy. The next meeting of the club will be held in May at which time officers will be elected for the forthcoming year. Mary Derderian, club president, will preside. Mary Coogan, Senior Elementary, will then discuss the novel as a phase of current literature. Refreshments will be served.

For the first time since its organization, the Newmen Club held a retreat for girl members at the Cenacle in Lancaster, March 4-6. The weekend proved to be a beneficial and rewarding experience for all those who attended. The club also held its annual St. Patrick's Day party in the school cafeteria, on March 17. John G. Deedy, Jr., editor of the Catholic Free Press, was the guest speaker of the evening.

SOPHOMORE SHAVINGS

Spring's here, and with it that old spring fever, but never let it be said that the news doesn't come through against all odds.

By now, everyone must have thawed out from that rugged Sophomore Testing Program. They must have been comparing our scores with those of the Eskimos.

For the latest in South American music, consult Armen Manuelian. The geography class was pleasantly carried away to some tropic clime the other day as the strains of the tangos and rumbas floated around the room. Ah, the wonder of education!

And now, are all you Sophs ready to recite the story of "Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle-sifter?"

Fran Mahoney tried to dispose of an undesired cheese sandwich in the caf the other day; he offered it to all the girls, but when asked why he didn't offer it to Barbara, the chivalrous soul replied that he wouldn't give her garbage! Now the rest of the girls know where they stand, Fran.

What's this about being an Easter rabbit, Jean Corey?

Who says the caf doesn't have appeal? Fran De Santis and Ginny seem to enjoy the atmosphere.

John Cameron's doing his bit on keeping ex-S.T.C. students, particularly Laurette, in touch with all the news of the school, aren't you, John?

After that article in the newspapers, who's going to want to teach in Maine? Imagine fifteen weeks' without pay!

Warning to all would-be newsmakers. Gerry Dottin is quite talented at picking up bits of gossip.

Section Four has the distinction of having five 'Fran's" in the class. Is there any section which can surpass this achievement?

Want to see Chris Kimbar blush? Ask her about Donald.

It's time to mention a few more "steadies" who might have escaped your attention. Gail Canane and Paul Dillon, and Kathleen Daw and Gil Clifford are two of the newer combinations. And while Elaine Curran and Don Cousineau aren't a new towsome, it's about time they got their names in print! And thanks from all the Newman Club members for all the work you've done.

In their free time, the two "Don F's" make some terrific music together on the assembly hall piano, much to the delight of their unseen audience in the upstairs lounge. How about doing it for everybody someday in regular assembly time?

What's this? Another bachelor, Paul McCarthy, is deserting the ranks in June. Best of luck, Paul even though you're reducing the number of eligible males in these hallowed halls of learning.

How about everyone sending a card to Christine O'Leary and Jerry Maloney at Memorial Hospital? They'd probably like to hear from everybody and learn what's going on at school.

Anybody else think "Mr. Magoo" is pretty cute? He's certainly a welcome change from some of those cartoons.

For the latest in marital tips, consult Miss Morris. Her students are picking up quite a bit of valuable information on the merits of oil men versus wool men.

Well, it's time to depart, leaving you with this important message from the Sophomore Class:

"Go to the most important social event of the school year, the Sophomore Prom!"

—Corrine Shea.

Senior Scoops

First on the agenda is the New York news. . . . I guess Tom Severance, our country boy, just isn't used to city elevators. . . . Show of all shows was held at a hen party in Barbara Mack's room—quaint costumes and all . . . "Del" Manning's new style in long skirts is featured in this month's "Gotham Guide" . . . who is the new hero who is going to replace T.V.'s "Range Rider?" . . . Has anyone seen Jack Hayes' shaving lotion? . . . Several of us are wondering why Ann End's sister immediately got out the rice when Ann phoned long distance . . . By the way, Pat, have you seen Caldwell? . . . What was the little added attraction at the U.N. building that so intrigued Dave Twiss and Bob Raymond? . . . Hear tell that Pat Gannon was very impressed with one polite and charming taxi cab driver. . . . Jean, how about a piece of seven-layer cake? . . . Carole Cormier became the "local girl who made good" when she danced on television . . . A rough estimate shows that Dolly Moore and Mary Lou Lynch saw 28 movies and 53 plays . . . Is it true that Ellie and Mary Donahue filled their suitcases with enough lunch for four days?

Meanwhile, back on the campus . . . Ask Clare O'Flynn about the startling stranger who keeps calling her house . . . The postman is marveling over the great increase of mail at the Dalbeck house . . . Has everyone met Grace Mogambo? You can tell when she's coming by the beat of the jungle drums . . . If you need any applications for teaching, see Eleanor Mannice. She has received so many that she is thinking of starting a placement bureau . . . What happened to Doris McTighe when she left the movies to mail a letter? . . . Jack Reynolds and Paul Adamian recently made an interesting study of pre-miracle French plays . . . Let's go, gang. They don't require passing the National Teachers' Exam in Trinidad . . . Does Mary Coogan really import all her clothes?

That's it for this month. Captains of the senior class signing off.

Junior Secondarie

During the week of Washington's birthday many members of our class took great advantage of this vacation and spent much of their time visiting several places. Alice Bazakas went to Snow Valley, Vermont; Dave Shea, spent the week in Berlin, New Hampshire. Two more of our classmates took trips to New York. Herb Miller visited Brooklyn with the future Mrs. Miller, who accompanied him to see that he did not go to White Plains, New York where a close friend was spending her vacation.

Also traveling during this vacation was Eddie Berthume who traveled many miles to get to his destination Dudley, Mass. . . . Congratulations to Bob D. in being accepted into a unique club in which there are only three members. Remember Bob, don't let the special privileges that the club has bestowed upon you go too far . . . It seems that C. F. is glad when Saturday comes for much of his time is spent in Rhode Island. I wonder what is the major attraction? . . . For information for routes from Worcester to Framingham see John Neal.

Besides his superb personality Herb Miller must have something else. What it is nobody knows but he is the number one model in the men's First Aid class. We came to the conclusion that Herb looks much better when he is bandaged up than he normally looks. . . . Now that the Senior girls are back A.H., J.L., and A.M. are back in business playing bridge. . . . Attention girls! Do you want a driver's license? See handsome Bob Ashe who is a driving instructor for Miles Auto School. . . . Congratulations to Bill Ferris for being one of the top scorers in the New England Teachers College Basketball League. . . . That is all folks and away we go.

Sports

Sports in Review

by BOB DANA

Well, the basketball season is over. How did we make out? A 12-5 record looks very impressive. The Lancers finished in a tie for second place in the N. E. Teachers College League. We tied with Gorham, Maine, and finished only a few percentage points behind the Salem Teachers. Most Valuable Player? Who else but Bill Ferris. Most Improved Player Award still goes to big Ed McGovern. Three more rounds of applause are due: first, to the team as a whole . . . they worked as a great group; second, to our senior co-captains whom we will miss very much next year; and last, but far from least, to Coach Eager for guiding the team to a 12-3 conference record. Next year the team won't settle for less than first place.

Intra-mural basketball has been over for some time now, but there has been no recognition for the great F3—5 combination that came away with the roses. In the semi-final game, the freshman squad ran over the old men of the senior class, 41-39. It was a squeaker as Dick Roy drove in and flipped in an underhand shot in the last ten seconds. The final game was no less a thriller when Framingham's Dick Pleshaw "swished" one from half court. When Dick came through, there were only two seconds to play. This game also finished with a 41-39 score.

Ah! Spring training. Paul Fistori knows it is (Cough, cough). There weren't many pitchers out at early practice. Just three, Ken Winquist (last year's winningest pitcher), Soo Kachadoorian, and Paul Sullivan. There were only two catchers out . . . Mutt Eldridge and Tom Foley. It appears that there will be a new man in the outfield, that is Don Horan. Horan is no stranger to the pastures. He played in the field a few games last year, the remainder of the season found him in the hot corner. The vacancy in the outfield has been caused by the announcement that Bob Ashe will not be available this season. As far as I know there are nine games on tap for the season. If nine are played, the season's record might possibly look like this: 8 wins, 1 loss.

GOOD LUCK TO THE BASEBALL TEAM. . . .

ANSWERS TO LAST ISSUE'S PUZZLE

1 B	E	E	T	H	2 O	V	E	N		3 P
4 A	I	D	A		5 P	I	A	N	O	O
C					U				6 W	R
7 H	8 A	R	P		9 S	C	H	U	10 B E	R T
	11 D	A	Y						I B	E
12 B	A	I	L	E	Y				Z E	R
	13 G	R	I	E	G			14 K	E R	N
15 K	I	T	T		16 F				T	17 L
18 C	O	M	O		19 V	I	V	O		A
					20 S	A	Y	A	O	R
	21 G	E	R	S	H	W	I	N		G
	22 F			23 S	T	E	V	E	N	S O
	24 F	L			25 T	R	A	U	B	E L

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

A bedtime story (for hep kids) told by Al "Jazzbo" Collins.

Well now little ones this is your Uncle "Jazzbo" with a little bedtime story, **The Three Little Pigs.**

Once upon a time in the Land of Oooh papa-dow there lived three little pigs. One of them was very cool, another was more on the commercial side, the third was definitely square.

One day as the three little pigs were taking five, they heard that a big bad wolf was making the local scene on a one nighter. Knowing that his approach signaled danger they immediately set about the business of constructing shelter.

The cool little pig swung a quick G.I. loan and in cut time threw up a real frantic bungalow, complete with wall to wall floors and TV antenna. The commercial little pig laid out for a few bars and then moved into a pre-fab joint out of the high rent district. But the square little pig goofed altogether and at the last possible minute built himself a real purple light shack out of clarinet reeds and scotch tape.

Well sir, the big bad wolf flew in as advertised and the first place he went looking for action was to the shack of the third little pig and applying his hairy knuckles to the door he laid down a crazy paradiddle and said, "Man its a raid!"

"Jack," said the pig, "it's after closing!"

"Don't hand me that jazz," the wolf said, "open up!"

"Sorry," said the pig, "you gotta make reservations."

"Charlie," said the wolf, "if you don't open that door, I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down!"

"Just tell me one thing," said the pig, "what condition is your lip in?" Enraged at this impertinence the wolf came on like Josuha and the wall came tumbling down and in no time at all the little pig was really gone.

The following day the wolf knocked at the door of the second little pig.

"Who calls like?" asked the pig.

"Man, never mind," said the wolf "open the portal and give me some skin pig or give me some pig skin as the case may be."

"Not by the hairs on my chinny chin chin," said the pig.

"Bless my soul," said the wolf, it's dizzy!"

"No it ain't!" said the pig.

"Well then it must be Jazzbo," said the wolf.

"Wrong again," said the pig.

"Tell you what," said the wolf, "I'll just peek through your key hole."

"In a pig's eye you will," said the little pig, which angered the wolf so much that he forthwith blew the joint down and swallowed the pig.

The next day the wolf fell by the domicile of the cool little pig and rapped on the door.

"Have no fear," he said, "big Joe is here."

"Man," said the pig, "you-ve had it."

"That's what I want to talk to you about, I understand there's a session going in here today and I want to sit in," said the wolf.

"I'm hip," said the pig, "and if you'll just slide down the chimney as per instructions in the script, I'll give you something to sit in."

At this the wolf leapt to the roof and in so doing dislodged a brick which fell down the chimney and clanged against the great iron pot in the fireplace. "What was that?" the wolf shouted. "E flat," said the pig, and man it's your chorus, fall in!"

And fall in the wolf did. Down the chimney and into the boiling pot. The little pig clapped the cover on the pot and let it simmer for 48 over a low flame. When at last he lifted the cover he smiled broadly. "Aah!" he said, "My favorite soup, cream of nowhere!"

—By Bob Ashe.

Spring Fever Forum

By Dr. Lay Z. Galloot, Esquire

Spring fever is terrible stuff. It gets everybody down, including me, the great Doctor Lay Z. Galloot, Esquire, the world's greatest authority on Spring fever. Since I too am infected with this terrible disease, I am in no condition to write my great column this year. However, by some great miracle, I have enough energy to answer the questions which you readers have sent in. Let's look at . . .

THE MAIL BOX

Q. Will you please tell me how to get rid of that tired feeling I have? (signed) Inertia.

A. Send 25c and a stamped self-addressed freight train for my great booklet, HOW TO HANG YOURSELF IN 50,000 EASY LESSONS (illustrated, rope included).

Q. I am attacked with a severe case of yawning during Psychology class. Will you please advise me how to stop yawning and go to sleep? (signed) Studious.

A. No.

Q. These days I feel very tired and bored in class. What shall I do? (signed) Sam Sloth.

A. Seek competent professional advice.

Q. My Spring fever is so bad that I can hardly keep my eyes open when a beautiful co-ed passes by. What shall I do? (signed) Meet Hed.

A. Spring fever is never that serious. See a psychiatrist immediately. L. S.

The Movie Story

Good movie stories are few and far between. The fault lies not with the authors who write the original stories but rather with the high salaried screen writers in Hollywood who take a perfectly good novel and from it, create what is known as a **film play** that will attract customers to the theatre box offices.

Every author and playwright dreams of making a movie sale because it means an additional income that can bring him several thousand dollars.

All the motion picture studios maintain scenario or story departments in both Hollywood and New York. Since most of the book publishers and literary agencies are located in Manhattan the New York story department is responsible for finding stories that can be made into pictures while the west coast office reviews the material and prepares it for the producers to read. In each story department there is a staff consisting of an editor, several readers (or story analysts as they are called) and some secretaries. The publishers and literary agents keep them well supplied with manuscripts.

Every novel, play, or short story that comes into the office is carefully read and judged by an analyst. In addition to these, the readers sift through all the magazines, new and old, for possible screen material. Certain staff members spend their evenings watching dramatic plays on TV hoping to find something that might be picture material while others listen to plays on radio for the same purpose. The only stories or plays that they will refuse to read are those sent in by unknown authors who have no agents or publishers to represent them.

The readers may spend anywhere from a few hours to a week reading one manuscript. Since a motion picture represents an investment of several hundred thousand dollars, analysts must be very careful when they evaluate a story for the film studio. It is up to them to choose material which can be made into good pictures that will be of interest to the millions of movie goers and not to just a chosen few. A reader who misjudges and rejects a story, only to have another studio buy it and make a huge profit on it, will find himself in a very embarrassing situation.

Every story is synopsized and filed, regardless of whether it is movie material or not. When the analyst finds a story that meets the requirements, he immediately hands the synopsis to the editor who reads it and decides if there is enough picture material in the contents to recommend it. If the choice is a good one, he attaches his comments in writing and rushes the synopsis via airmail to the story editor in Hollywood.

At the motion picture studio, the synopsis is circulated among the producers associated with the company for it is the producer and not the studio who invests money in a story. The studio then notifies the editor in New York to negotiate a sale with the author's representative.

After the contract has ben signed, the author can only hope and pray that when he views the finished product in a movie theatre, he will recognize the story as his own. If he is alert and strains his eyes a bit, he may even catch a glimpse of his name on the list of credits as it flashes on the screen.

Soon after the sale is completed a screen writer is assigned to write a film play. In some cases, the author is hired for a period of a few weeks to work with the screen writer in an advisory capacity while the story is twisted and molded to fit the pattern of ideas specified by the producer.

It takes well over a year before the author is invited to the private screening where the completed picture is viewed for the first time by a select few in the motion picture business. Here they are invited to write down their comments and suggestions for minor changes. Everyone congratulates the president of the studio and the producer for the magnificent job that has been done and the film is returned to the cutting room for deletions.

If the author has managed to survive by the time the picture comes to his local theatre and he has the strength to walk past the marquee, he will feast his eyes upon the sign that lights up the names of the stars who are appearing in a movie based on a story that he was once proud to say he wrote. And as he stands there gazing at the shimmering lights he thinks to himself, "For every bulb on that sign there is a hair missing from my head."

—Esther Weinreb.

SOPHOMORE PROM TONIGHT

Acornitis

(Continued from Page 3)

happened to Joe Sarli in Psychology class a while back? . . . Who has Barbara Seale been noticing in F5? . . . What's Dick Pleshaws secret in the briefcase? . . . Was Lenny Salvin really throwing knives at Dotty Sullivan? . . . Where do Aiden McSherry, Joe Sarli, and Tom McGrain go on their lunch hour? . . . Joe Sullivan decorated his car for St. Patrick's Day . . . That's all for now, Freshmen, see you next issue.

The Acorn

Vol. XIII. Worcester State Teachers College, Worcester, Mass., Friday, May 27, 1955 No.

GRADUATION ISSUE

Club News

On April 29, in room 13, the Association for Childhood Education elected their officers for the academic year of 1955-1956. Mary Curtin of the junior class was elected president. Other officers elected were: Kathleen Dolan, vice-president; Claire Cavanaugh, secretary; and Sheila Morrissey, treasurer.

Le Cercle francais culminated the year's activities with a banquet held at a French restaurant in Boston. The newly-elected officers of this organization include: president, Florine Severance; vice-president, Donald Cousineau; secretary, Rose Iaccarino; treasurer, Andrew Nicholas; and social chairman, Barbara Oswell.

At the last meeting of the Debating Society elections were held to choose a new slate of officers for the coming year with the following results: Nicholas Pacella, president; Gerald Maloney, vice-president; Kathleen Daw, secretary; and Christine O'Leary.

The International Relations Club elected the following officers for the school year 1955-1956. George Ford was elected president. Vice-president, John Neal. Secretary is Jean A. Corey. Treasurer is Adele M. Abood. The Steering Committee includes Ronald Desmarais, Kathleen Daw and Thomas Dufy. The Club held a spaghetti dinner at Dino's Restaurant on May 23 to which all members were cordially invited.

At the last meeting of the Newman Club, officers were elected for next year. They are: Patricia A. McGuire, president; James J. O'Brien, vice - president; Carol B. Anderson, secretary; Paul E. Sullivan, treasurer; and Gail P. Canane, Elaine F. Curran, Bernadette M. Morgan and Jane H. Vecchione, social co-chairmen. For the culminating activity of the season, the club held its traditional Honor Night for Seniors on May 17 at Christ the King Church.

The special speaker of the evening was the Reverend William Hardy. Entertainment was provided by Claire Tierney who was accompanied by Thomas Sheahan.

On May 9, Gamma Chi Chapter of Kappa Delta Pi honored five sophomores at a reception at the college. Honored were: Donald Fancy, Noreen Mattimore, Irene Orchu, Corinne Shea; and Ann Spets. At this time Miss Feeley of Upsala Street School put on a demonstration lesson which proved to be a most interesting spectacle. She proved, without any doubt, that with special teaching and attention it was possible for the hard of hearing child to communicate with others. On May 13, election of officers were held with the following results: president, John Neal; vice-president, Florine Severance; secretary, Miriam Ivok; treasurer, Andrew Nicholas; and recorder-historian, Ann Matthews.

I would like to express my deep thanks and appreciation to all those persons who have contributed news to this column.

THE COLONEL SAYS:

The Returns Are In.

Friday, April 15th, found the Worcester State Teachers College a bee-hive of activity. The Sophomores were busy preparing for their Prom that evening and it was election day for all class officers and student council members.

When the smoke had cleared from these memorable political contests, your writer witnessed the following revelations. The Senior Class's "Ship of State" will have John P. Neal at the helm. His crew will include Evelyn Langton, vice-president; Bernice Morgan, secretary; Ken Powers, treasurer and Paul Fistori and Miriam Ivok, social co-chairmen. Elected to the Student Council were Pat McGuire, Joe Deely and Dick Pingeton.

The Sophmores found time to vote between decorations in the gym, but like the Juniors, had to wait until after vacation to hear the results of their voting. The results showed an overwhelming approval of the present administration for there were no changes with the sole exception of the office of Treasurer which was a very close contest. The vote of confidence found Don Horan re-elected as President; Claire Cavanaugh, Vice-President; Jean Remse, Secretary; Jim O'Brien, Treasurer and Jane Kelly, Social Chairman. Elected to the Student Council were Art DelPrete and Tom Jackson. GOOD LUCK!!!!!

The Freshman vote was considered to be in some circles somewhat of a mild upset. This writer anticipated Freshman division loyalty in voting, as is often the case. The results proved different, however, and one of two Freshman in the same division, running together with a third person of another division for the same office, won out. The results: Paul Sullivan, President; Carol Roseen, Vice-President; Marie Fitzgibbons, Secretary; Tom McCrain, Treasurer and Nancy Bourke and Mary Lee, Social Co-Chairman. Elected to the Student Council were Ray Comeau and Grace Trainer. All the best!!!!

The Colonel closes with the remark (It's food for thought.) "How about showing your appreciation to the varsity sport contingency by supporting any project put forth so as to award school jackets to lettermen????"

ACORN STAFF HOLDS BANQUET

On May 16, a banquet was held at the Old Mill in Westminster to mark the conclusion of a successful year in the field of journalistic endeavor. The occasion—the banquet of the **Acorn** Staff. Present were members of the staff along with Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Saunders, Mr. Saunders being faculty advisor of the group.

Honored were nine students: seven who received certificates for meritorious work published in the **Acorn;** and two who received the Columbia Scholastic Press Association Award for outstanding contributions to our college publication.

Those receiving certificates were Louise Agurkis, Robert Dana, Paul Davis, Donald Fancy, Leonard Salvin, Corinne Shea, and David Tomolonius. Recipients of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association Awards were Barbara Hickey and Anne Hussey.

HAVE A PLEASANT VACATION

JUST JAZZ

When jazz moved to Chicago, it came into an area that was enough like New Orleans to provide a familiar setting. Jazz moved from the dives of Perdido street to the dives of Bronzeville, and the transition was made with almost no effort. In addition to giving the New Orleans musicians a place to roost, Chicago afforded something else, something that jazz could never have had in the south . . . a white audience. Not long after King Oliver had settled down, to be joined later by his protege, Louis Armstrong, a gang of high school youngsters came to listen to the fabulous duet of the Oliver-Armstrong concerts. These youngsters listened and went home to the woodshed, and it was not long before they were producing some fine jazz of their own. The speakeasies soon were rocking to white bands playing Negro music. Eddie Condon, Gene Krupa, Benny Goodman, and, of course, the immortal Bix Beiderbecke, were some of these teenagers who grew into famous musicians; and there were many more who, while not known to the general public, were worshipped by jazzmen as men who first brought jazz to a nation-wide audience.

Jazz changed here, losing the chugging beat and lack of solos characteristic of the New Orleans school, and substituting a light, steady, driving beat, and an opportunity for individual work not afforded previously. These two factors are characteristic of what we call Chicago, or Dixieland jazz.

The white musicians introduced something which, if not wholly absent among the New Orleans musicians, was at least rare—the ability to read music. It was only natural that this would be incorporated into what had been an improvised music. The improvisation was thus limited to solo work, while ensemble playing was pre-arranged and written. (Of course, it did not take very long for the colored musicians to follow suit, and in a short time color lost its efficacy as a guide to reading ability).

Without written arrangements, bands are usually restricted in size to about seven or eight pieces, or what is generally called a "combo". However, with each man playing a written part, the members of the band won't be stumbling over each other, musically speaking, and there is an opportunity to use an unlimited number of musicians. This led to big bands, and eventually developed into a new school of playing, the "swing" school.

Swing musicians brought the greatest measure of fame and geographical universality that jazz has yet enjoyed. The bands of the thirties — Ellington, Goodman, Berrigan, Basie, Lunceford (all present-day admirers of Billy May should listen to the old Lunceford band), James, Krupa, the Dorseys, Miller—all played in the best hotels, concert halls and theaters in the country. The concert given by Benny Goodman in 1938 at Carnegie Hall, and released in record form thirteen years later, produced the best selling jazz album to date.

There is no need to explain what swing is; there are thousands of records available. So listen for yourself. If after hearing you still don't understand, we can only refer you to a story whose hero is the late Fats Waller. A dowager, having heard him play, asked Fats to explain swing to her. Fats is reported to have replied, "Lady, if you got to have it defined for you, you ain't got it."

DON FANCY.

The CAMERA COLUMN

One of the most memorable occasions in anyone's life is that great day when the crowning glory of four year's hard work materializes with the awarding of the degrees on graduation day. Naturally, a photograph of that great moment is something that the graduate (as well as his family) will treasuure forever.

But there is much more to graduation day than this great climax, and the alert photographer usually runs out of film sooner that out of picture ideas. The jubilant excitement of the family, the graduate's calmness (or nervousness, whichever the case may be), the countless gifts, the actual commencement ceremonies, the crowd that flocks about the graduate to congratulate him, and the celebration that follows the commencement are just a few of the many scenes that should be photographed on this great day. A special graduation day album photographically telling the story of the entire day, from morning till night, would tell the

(Continued on Page 3)

A Magic Room

When I come home from work at night, I always stop and peek in at my daughter before going to bed. The first thing that I am aware of upon entering the room is the silence. It is a heavenly silence, a peaceful silence which seems to cushion my feet and eliminate my footsteps, a silence which excludes anger and violence and admits only love and goodness, a silence as profound as that in a cathedral during the consecration.

Then there is the small light which seems to be like a halo laid down by an angel and waiting to be picked up and donned by her when she awakens, a light which doesn't make the room bright, but rather, bathes it in a soft glow that could only be compared to the light surrounding the child Jesus in that manger many years ago, a light which makes the blue walls like the blue of the ocean in the early evening.

The scarred rocking-horse, with his paint-chipped mane and broken tail, stands in the corner like a great, proud stallion waiting patiently for his master. The dolls and stuffed animals are like soldiers guarding a great treasure. And yet, they seem to resemble, even more, a great group of living people who have come to worship a saint. The eyes of these dolls and stuffed animals all point to that low, cerulean, four-posted bed which holds the most beautiful sight that man can ever hope to see—a sleeping child.

She sleeps on her stomach with her knees tucked under her and her arms wide spread. The blanket is usually rolled under rather than spread over her. But, it is her hands and face which draw my attention. They are chubby, little hands with fingers half closed; hands made to hold a heart, her daddy's heart; hands which grip my finger with trust and love as I lean over to kiss her. Her face is calm, a face which reflects all the goodness that God has ever put into the world. It is a small face with each feature praising the perfect artistry of God, a face which is out of place in this world of man; a face which belongs only in heaven, a face that is surrounded by a mass of ringlets falling one on another, a face that God is proud to say is His creation.

When I leave this magic room, I find myself thanking God that He has seen fit to bless me with this small angel made in His image, and likeness, and love.

—Belanger.

The Acorn

The ACORN is a student publication of the State Teachers College at Worcester, Massachusetts, published monthly, it is printed by Saltus Press, located at 63 Myrtle Street, Worcester, Massachusetts.

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Editorial

Within the space of a few short days, the senior class will have realized a goal that has demanded a tremendous amount of effort and perseverance. It goes without saying that the road to any worthwhile goal is a long and hard one—and sometimes the goal seems shrouded in haze and beyond reach. How often have the seniors, during their four years of training been tempted to give up the struggle and bow in defeat? How often have they felt themselves burden with responsibilities that seemed virtually impossible to carry?

Undoubtedly, they wondered how they would ever succeed, but now the days of wondering are past. They well realized that the tests they were faced with were not without reason—they understood that the patience-trying tasks they had to perform were a part of a major aim —to serve well in a dedicated profession.

Contrary to what many people think, teachers do not have much of a private life. Someone once remarked that a teacher leads a goldfish's life and nothing could be closer to the truth. No teacher, either at work or play, ever escapes the critical eye of the public—no teacher, because of the duties he is expected to perform in addition to his teaching obligations, can safely call his "free" time his own. He is at all times subject to the will of the community and he is expected to serve it whenever needed.

In view of these facts, the trials that all student-teachers must meet and master seem anything but unreasonable—it is a preparation for the problems they will face as teachers in the community. Yes, the seniors have succeeded in reaching their goal, they are ready now to work in a field for which they have been diligently trained—good luck seniors, may the lives you lead be fruitful ones.

POETRY

Re-Awakening

With selfish eyes I searched, my love
For things without true meaning,
Not qualities that from above
From God's graces you are gleaning.
My love, I care not how you dress,
What book you read or play you see;
Only that deep essential goodness
Of primal importance is to me.
That faith which gives such strength to you
Has re-entered my humbled heart,
And widened my uncertain, narrow view
From earthly bounds to heaven's start.

Yes, enlightenment with a blinding glare
Closed these aching, self-sick eyes,
And when I woke you were standing there—
A haven where comfort and promise lies.
Because I re-discovered Him,
I turned and found His creature, you.
The brimming love I have for Him
Has overrun and touched you too.
Now I live only that we
May strive to do His will on earth,
And share this love unendingly
In the beauty of our eternal berth.

LOUISE AGURKIS.

Have A Pleasant Vacation

Commencement

Mr. Whitcomb was a proud man as he sat gazing at the faces of the students and dignitaries assembled in cap and gown on the stage of the STC auditorium. While the strains of Pomp and Circumstance filled the hall and as the organ music guided the footsteps of the class of '55 up the stairs and across the platform, he felt tiny ripples of heat and cold running up and down his spine. He almost felt like a celebrity and secretly wished that he could be called upon to make a speech. He knew just what he would say if by some quirk of fate, he was called from the audience and asked to say a few words.

The longer he sat, the more real did his dream of addressing the audience become . . . and then it happened. The voice of the President loudly and clearly explained to those gathered in the auditorium that sitting in the audience was a man dear to the heart of State Teachers College and it would be a great privilege to have Charles Whitcomb join the graduates on the stage and receive an honorary degree.

Amid thunderous applause Mr. Whitcomb rose to his feet, adjusted his clothing and made his way to the stage. After the proper salutation he began his speech. Like a seasoned orator he spoke, his well rehearsed words and gestures capturing the attention of his audience so that every eye focused intently upon him.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I have a confession to make. I am in love with three women. Ordinarily a man will not admit that he loves a lady unless she happens to be his betrothed or his wife so I am risking my reputation when I publicly announce that I am in love, not with one, but three."

A roar of laughter echoed through the room. Mr. Whitcomb waited a moment until the wave of laughter died down and then continued. "Before my wife gets any wrong ideas about me, I must say that she is one of the women I am talking about. The second is a young blonde who is right here on this stage taking part in this 79th Commencement, my daughter Ann. And the third is an elderly lady who has been a foster mother to hundreds of people through the years. She was born in 1871 right here in Worcester and I have adopted her because I believe in her and respect her. Her name is Alma Mater which translated from Latin means Foster Mother. You all know her as STC . . . State Teachers College."

"Although I never had the good fortune to attend this college as a student, I have received a liberal education from it through two of the lovely ladies I mentioned before. As a young man I courted and won in marriage Katherine Smith who graduated from this school in 1932. Her class was the first to receive diplomas on this stage. During the 1932 Commencement I was in the audience and I still can remember filling my nostrils with the pleasant odor of fresh plaster and wood that is so characteristic of a new building. And during the past four years while by daughter Ann has been a student at this college it has been very much like a refresher course for my wife Katherine and myself."

"Often when I look at my daughter, I am carried back to the years when her mother was a stuent at this school. Even though time marches on, it seems to pause every so often to give the young people of the present an opportunity to taste and experience things of the past. The people who graduated from STC in 1932 experienced the same emotions, danced to much of the same music, wore styles in clothes and hair almost the same as these graduates, and they looked forward to a teaching career just like the members of the class of 1955."

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Tomolonius Says:

We've concluded that Joni James is the only vocalist on record who can hit so many sour notes and get away with it. "When you Wish upon a Star" is one of the easiest songs ever written to sing and sound good, however, Joni's is mediocre and is the "B" side of a tuneless and equally sloppily lyricized "Is this the End of the Line." Frank Sinatra's latest "Learning the Blues" is bound to catch on but unhappily not so for Frankie Laine's "Go to your Ford Dealers" despite the able backing of Mitch Miller. (We're facetious at times.) Watching the Jane Froman show the other night we were made to lament how wonderful it might have been had Jane been able to sing.

We don't know whether to blame "Crazy (ugh) Otto" of Life Magazine fame for the sudden turn to vodvil promoted by Perry Como's "Nobody", Johnny Desmond's "Give Me a Straw Hat and a Cane", or sundry banjo-backed monstrosities like "It's a Sin to tell a Lie". There are good reversions, however, namely — Bill Kenney's "My Echo, My Shadow, and Me" and Al (Unchained) Hibbler's version of Duke's "Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me" accompanied by Duke Ellington himself.

We thought that Sid Ceasar's panning of modern quartets was hilarious, not because the "Three Haircuts" routine (which, once enacted was brought back by popular demand a few weeks later) was so absurd, but because it was actually typical of what the Four Coins and the Crewcuts have been recording. That's not to say we don't approve of these groups. Most of their sides are good, foot-stomping tunes; one in particular which really moves us is The Four Coins on "I Love You Madly", which, to our mind, is the most like Ceasar's, Reiner's, and Morris's "Goin' Crazy".

Hamilton, Hibbler, and Les Baxter are all fine on "Unchained Melody" but the most impressive version which we saw and heard was Perry Como assisted by a piano duet on T. V. It's not hard to distinguish a standard when one like "Unchained" comes along. Even though it is being currently driven into the ground we know it's bound to come back to the surface time and time again in the ensuing years.

Junior Secondarie

With Summer vacation drawing near there is still a chance for some girl to get Herbie. The latest is that he may get married this Summer. Girls, when you have the honor to ride in Herb's car would you please refrain from using perfume. It seems that on a trip from Boston A.H. and R.I. used a trifle too much. While in Boston the girls tried on hats, but when they heard the price was in the vicinity of eighty dollars the hats were forgotten. What could the reason be for Eddie B. to buy three pounds of tomatoes.

There is a new card club among the men in our class. The Pinochile Club members include Dick Pingeton, Dave Shea, Dave Sugarman, Charlie Faverault, and Bill Ferris. If anyone is interested in golf instructions see Dave Shea who will give them a reasonable rate. Have you heard that Carl LaPoint has a new job in Princeton? He is now a grave digger; I wonder where he digs these jobs up?

It seems strange to see John Neal's car got to Tantasqua without getting lost. Could Tom D. be the reason? Have you noticed the latest style sweat pants that Paul Fistori is displaying? Why the orange hue Paul? What was the purpose behind Bob Dana's questioning some of our class members on where they were going to spend their Summer vacation?

If anyone is interested in turtles see Florine S. It was by majority vote that Dick Buffard is the smallest male member of our class. If someone knows of a job please contact Bill Lavoie. All the luck to Bob A. in his new home. For the ride of your life see Frank Burbank. N.S. is a source in all types of life. Alice remember never to keep Herbie waiting. If you are interested in an excellent speech contact Jack W. If interested in a badminton match contact Sue M. To get information about practice teaching contact Rudy D., John K., and Gerald P. That's it for another year. Hope to see you all in the Fall.

A Look Around Us

"Blackboard Jungle"—is realism in all the sordid brutality of the modern day production. Recently a motion picture, based upon a novel by the same title, it made its premiere in the city of Worcester. It dealt wtih the school conditions of a slum section of any large city and the public for the most part was shocked.

However, there was one aspect of the plot which perhaps was applicable to any teen-ager in any economic environment. It represented a philosphy held by one of the individuals who was the main source of trouble throughout the dramatization. In modified form it may be said that it does characterize the attitude prevalent throughout the country. Basically it was that today there is not much use in trying to do anything for the future or in preparation for that future, as for the most part it holds little promise; in essence, it is love, laugh, and be merry for tomorrow we die.

Fortunately those of stronger character while they realize the uncertain, unstable insecure position of the world will attempt to live in spite of the conditions. Nevertheless part of the juvenile problem may be synonomous with this attitude.

* * *

Another school year has slipped by, leaving those who are still here looking ahead, while those who are graduating look fondly at four years passed. At first glance many take for granted as dull or uneventful the time that ponderously, but surely, moves in eternity. Each day offers very little but routine, nothing impressive, for tomorrow never comes, it is always today.

Therefore it is to the wise to learn to realize that even the most common activities of everyday living are appreciable. They are moments in eternity never recaptured, never duplicated, but if lived, never lost.

—Winslow.

The Camera Column

(Continued from Page 1)

story completely—while just a few pictures cannot possibly tell the whole story.

Plan your shots ahead of time, and be ready for the unexpected, so that you can get those extra shots that mean so much. Have all your equipment set up far in advance. Then you won't have to fuss with the technical details while your best pictures slip through your fingers.

The "modern" trend is that the cap and gown are old-fashioned and should be thrown away, rather than included in the pictures. This is silly. Photographs are supposed to tell a story. Without the cap and gown, the pictures lose this story-telling quality. One glance at the cap and gown unmistakably says "graduate", while without these symbols of graduation it may be impossible to tell that a graduation day scene is represented by the photograph.

Now that we have the cap and gown in the picture, watch that tassle! Be sure the tassle is so arranged at to show the photograph without hanging across the graduate's face.

Color film and flash are your best bet for excellent pictures. With the new high speed color films, technical details are a cinch; and of course, color photographs are far more realistic than black and white, so they will be greatly appreciated by the graduate and his family.

That winds up the CAMERA COLUMN series for its first year. I sincerely hope these articles were interesting to everyone who read them. Best of luck to all the graduates—and to their graduation day photographers!

—Leonard Salvin.

ACORNITIS

Hi FRESHMEN! Here we are again with lots of information on what's new in the Class of 1958. Congratulations to Loretta Beringer. She was pinned to Tony Scancella at the Worcester Tech Junior Prom. Mary Kelly was seen at the dance also. Carol Roseen has had stars in her eyes lately. Bill must be coming home quite often. Glad to see that Kay Bergstrom is back with Russ. Understand that Connie Polini has three or four on the string now. Did you have a nice time at St. Anslems Connie? What was the topic of interest at Coes Pond one Wednesday afternoon for the F1 girls? Heard it caused quite a sensation. Lots of surprises at the Freshman Extra Dance. Mary Lee seemed to be having a very nice time with a very nice Sophomore. Is Judy Kane dating another Billy? There's been plenty of buzzing about the coming vacation and a large percentage of the Freshmen girls are planning on going to Hyannis. Have a wonderful time kids. Arlene Latour has been seen pretty much with a certain senior who pitches on the S.T.C. baseball team. Is his name Kenny? Is Kay Desy trying to wear out that khaki skirt? Shame on the F6 boys letting the girls beat them in softball. We've heard that Tony Cimino has a secret admirer. We've also heard that she is in F1. Why was Maureen Cusson so upset when the kids stole her belt in gym? It seems that Paul Dillon has been going pretty steady with Gail. There was a birthday party for Betty Berry one Tuesday during third hour—cake and all. Guess that's all for now. See you again next year. Have a nice vacation.

Senior Scoops

Since we are seniors, this is the last opportunity we shall have to goodnaturedly tease, in print, the members of our class. We shall miss the little jokes and anecdotes that brightened our days, and were so much a part of our friends. But we musn't continue in this vein, or we'll probably get sloppily sentimental, so on with the scoops!

First of all, we hope that by the time this paper is published, everyone will have a date for the Senior Prom. Right now, semi-panic reigns, with people scurrying around making calls and writing letters. In addition to this activity, a clever scheme was laid in the Cottage Doughnut Shop, the substance of which we cannot reveal at this time. . . . Hear tell that Alice Nugent has been dating a Hollywood celebrity, Montgomery Clift, I believe . . . Did you realize that we have two wealthy socialites in our class who spend their vacations in Bermuda? But Eleanor Kowalczyk and Frannie Callahan didn't forget us, as many postcards were sent . . . We realize that Pauline Kane likes ice cream, but would she go all the way across the city to Holmes' for it? Must be another reason . . . Who is the senior girl wro received 25 invitation to H.C.'s Senior Ball? . . . Jean Henegan only owes $1,000 on her charge accounts . . . Neil Daly wins the prize for the most original hesitation step . . . By the way, Jack, what did you think of "Shakuntula?" . . . A little applause here. Mary Derderian recently participated in a production of "The Vagabond King" . . . Wedding bells will be pealing for many seniors come summer time. Congratulations to Sally Blood and Fran Rouleau, Sam Goodwin, Jack Loughnane, Madeline McGinn, Dolly Moore, Tom Severance, and Nancy McGrath . . . Congratulations are also in order for Fran Callery, who expects to become a father in September . . . Summer vacation plans are being made at this time with Jack Hayes and Jack Finlay, the orange bathing suit kids, sojourning back to Falmouth, and Jo Paulino whipping up to Hampton . . . Did you know that we have a linguist extraordinaire in our class in the person of Jack Gray? He speaks Japanese!! . . . Mr. Smith has joined the ranks—our latest rabble rouser . . . What do they do for fertilizer in China, Mary? . . . Babe Adamian and Paul O'Day just hated to go to the ball game in Boston the other day. They were dying to take some secondary girls along, hoping that they would enjoy it, thus making their trip worthwhile . . . You just never know who you're going to meet in drugstores these days, do you, Eleanor? . . . Paul Marchessault's unique method of sliding into seats is excelled by none . . . A little more applause here. We are proud of our Lois Goode who was honored with a plaque at the W.A.A. banquet . . . Who was the suntanned gentleman patiently waiting in the corridor for Del Manning? . . . Because of her remarkable efforts, our nomination for the "Most Outstanding Woman Driver of the Year" is Ann End . . . Oh, Honey, the Prom is **June 2,** not **May 2**!! . . . That ever popular guy from Uppah Burncoat has three bids to the Senior Prom . . . No, Lou and Doris aren't dating twins, or brothers, or even relatives. Just an amazing coincidence! . . . Joan Casey knows a boy scout who whips up a blaze in only five hours' time . . . Are they really going to stuff Jim Sheehan and prop him up outside the recruiting station? . . . If you want insurance of any type and at any price, see Clare O'Flynn. Her associations are indirect but influential . . . Have you been to Sandra's Pizzeria? Generosity and graciousness is found at all times. For some reason, Barbara Mack's last visit there especially stands out in her mind . . . Chris Dionis demanded a star-spangled platform and a canopy for his Class Day speech . . . We don't mind you sleeping, Tom, but must you snore? . . . Raymo's latest contribution is a short cut from Boston to Westminster . . . Purple shoes are this month's rage; or if you prefer comfort, try the black bedroom slipper type . . . The setting of Babe's play sure sounds familiar.

Now, as the sun sets on Thoreau's pond, we bid a final farewell from President Tinley and his floogie birds.

Louise J. Agurkis
Pauline A. Kane

IDLE A WHILE

I hope that this story will do . . .
Its title is "Nuts to You".

This column was originally devised to allow for a bit of nonsense in the news—and believe me no other word could be applied to the following, (and I hope you're following). The story is true and only the names of the ghost writers have been changed. Our subject for today's ruination is "Nuts". Oh, not just any old type of nut, but a variety commonly entitled PISTACHIO. Actually, the eating of this variety is not the simple affair one would ascertain it to be—no indeedy! Nut cracking, and nutmeat eating are in themselves work (works of art that is to say). You may be sure that to be a successful connoisseur one must have certain rules to follow. (Wonder if that's anything like a dinosaur)??

According to the latest poles, North and South for example) the following have been deemed most successful in the partaking of such delicacies.

1. Place the thumbs (taking it for granted that you are equipped with two) on either side of the nut.
2. Place the finger nails in the split along the side of the shell (if you are lucky enough to find a nut possessing such a cracked exterior).
3. Pull gently in opposite directors and apply pressure (unless your fingernails have already been torn off.)
4. When the shell is open, remove its tender insides and pop into mouth, (unless the meat has already popped onto the floor when you were so busy pulling foolishly at the shell.)
5. Chew slowly (you may never get the chance to open a nut shell as successfully.)

The above rules have been devised for those people with fairly strong fingernails—and weak teeth. And speaking of teeth (I was you know), there is another method of cracking open a pistachio. These rules are to be used in the event that you have a strong jaw, a weak mind, and your own teeth.

1. Place nut in mouth, between teeth, after checking your insurance policy to see if it covers your future dentures.
2. Apply pressure by bringing down the upper teeth and raising those few still located at the lower level.
3. Apply still more pressure until you feel something crack (it will invariably be your teeth so cheer up).
4. See the very best dentist in town for your new upper plate.

And in the immortal words of P. Ivy,
"I think that I shall never see, a pistachio—nuttier than me."

CINDY.

Tomolonius Discusses A National Holiday

It seems about a month after Phil NAPOLEON met his waterloo in JUNE Christy in the year 1775, the tyrant king of England, KING COLE XII was brought disturbing news by his right-hand noble, Count Basie. One day the Count made a "One O'clock Jump" over the palace wall and announced that a combo in the colonies made up of Dinah WASHINGTON and Jeri ADAMS was planning to revolt and go progressive. After Dr. Gillespe revived the tyrant, the King scoffed and assured the count that the colonies were "Too Young" to even consider such a thing. He didn't dig the plan in the least, however, and sent a fleet stateside to show he was FRANK Sinatra in his indignation. His fleet commander was a hillbilly from the Hebrides named Red Foley who had gambled away his guitar at a local poker game and while exploring Galway Bay had founded a "Lighthouse" there. King Cole XII said that while "Red Sails in the Sunset", I'll stay "Home" while my able captain patrols Joni JAMEStown. On the way to the states Captain Red ran aground on the "Isle of Capri" where COMOdore PERRY formerly of Chesterfield County let go three choruses of "KOkomo" and captured the once proud fleet. This upset the high-strung king so much that he snapped his cap and sent a nasty proclamation to Senator Ella Mae MORSE of Oregon stating that he knew what was happening and that he was declaring a full-scale blowout. The Secretary of the Treasury at the time was a cat named Roy Hamilton who, not knowing where he was getting the money to pay the troops, conferred with a local bookie named J. (aye) P. MORGAN saying, "Six million samolians is all I want from you." The bookie complied and gave the cabbage to General Peggy LEE who charged down to Stan GETZburg with some minutemen to stall Duke Ellington who was transporting his invaders inland. At the same time, Richard RODGERS and CLARK Dennis were exploring the Mississippi until they got "Way Down Yonder in New Orleans" and got stuck in the "Mississippi Mud." There they ran into a native chief named Otto "Jumbalya" who boasted to be a direct descendant of Hank Williams and whom, for all practical purposes, was called Otto. When the chief let go the news to the guide "Davey Crockett" that there was a torrid session being blown back east, Davey replied, "Crazy, Otto" and immediately paddled his canoe up Basin Street to see if he could sit in on the session. Back in "Foggy London Town" the prime minister who decreed that the redcoats burn down SAVANNAH, CHURCHILL threw up his first two chubby digits to declare victory for his side, but alas, he had gestured too soon. The king of the wild frontier had it out with the British General Wallis stand-to-stand and all the spectators agreed that Davey blew the coolest of the two. General Wallis, being a pretty good scout about the whole deal, offered Davey his saxophone bearing the king's seal but Davey refuesd it saying, "That's pure CORN, WALLIS, why don't you go back to that Guy Lombardo?" The General got hot under the collar over the needle and called his troops back to Ireland even though it was a heck of a "Long Way to Tipperary." That same afternoon Marilyn drew up the MONROE Doctrine which provided that Dinah WASHINGTON be thenceforth proclaimed the "Mother of Our Country."

And that, Class, is why the Fourth of July is always a Billie Holiday.

This Summer

Things to look for in the cold war this summer around the world, with Ike's cold war policy in view, are:

In Asia—Chiang Kai-shek is and will be restrained from using his Nationalist troops against the China mainland. The restraint will continue to apply unless Chiang needs to strike back in self-defense, which is not far from possible. . . .

Japan will be built up as a strong bulwark against China, thus permitting the United States to disentangle herself somewhat in that part of the world. . ..

IN Europe — The United States will encourage conferences with Russia's leaders about European problems. . . . An Austrian peace treaty, now on the fire, is just the starter. . . . West Germany will be armed heavily and will serve in Europe as Japan does in Asia, that is, permitting the United States to draw back somewhat. . . .

Ike's plan for peace is based on his "doubts that the American people will be willing to bear the major part of the burden of defending both Asia and Europe." He is planning to allow the 300 million people in non-Communist Europe and the 680 million non-Communist Asiatics, both having tremendous industrial power, to take on the load when feasible. . . .

This does not mean desertion of our allies. . . . Complete withdrawal is not our policy, but it is our policy to seek a gradual shift of responsibilities to our allies, who, once again, are becoming capable of standing on their own two feet. . . .

There is determination, both in Congress and in the Administration, to avoid concessions that do not bring equal or larger concessions on the part of the Communists. . . . Our aim is to negotiate deals, not surrenders or give-aways. . . .

There is always the possibility of hot war. . . . Communist China might attack Quemoy or Matsu, and that could do the trick. Chances of peace are, nevertheless, on the rise. . . . Ike is exchanging letters with Marshall Zhukov, Soviet Minister of Defense. Talks between Red China and the United States might come next. . . . then maybe, a Big Five meeting. . . .

It'll be quite a summer in diplomacy, and quite a summer at the beaches too.

Have a good summer—See you next September.

—George Ford.

Sports

Sports in Review

by BOB DANA

This being the last issue of the "Acorn" for the present school year it is most important that we tie the loose ends together.

As this article is being written, the baseball season is only half over. At this mid-mark, the new jacketed Lancers have a 2-3 record. An opening day win by Ken Winquist and a May 12 victory by Soo Kachadorian (both over Lowell) account for the two notches in the win column. The losses were against Boston, Bridgewater, and Fitchburg.

No more predictions concerning the league standing of the ball club. I don't wish to be run out of town.

Now for some news . . . Recently, the basketball and baseball players received their letters.

Basketball Varsity Letters went to; Jack Hayes, Eddie Grant, Bill Ferris, Bob Ashe, Jack Regele, "Chick" Simon, Dave Shea, "Mutt" Eldridge, Bob Johnson, Ed McGovern, Paul Zaido, Dick Lane, and Ed Murphy. The basketball J.V. Letters go to—Kenny Winquist, Charlie Favreault, Dick Roy, Pete Trainor and Jim Halliday.

Baseball Lettermen are—Jack Hayes, Kenny Winquist, Paul Fistori, Jack Regele, Kelton Johnson, "Mutt" Eldredge, Soo Kachadoorian, Don Horan, Ed McGovern, Tom Foley, Gerry Dottin, Paul Zaido, John Bullard, Bob Fougere, and Fran McDevitt.

To the graduating seniors that have been active in school sports you have the best wishes of the Baseball and Basketball teams.

To the underclassmen: Here's hoping that we will continue to produce the high caliber teams that we always have.

Have a pleasant Summer.

Commencement

(Continued from Page 2)

At this point Mr. Whitcomb's facial expressions changed. Dramatically he turned his back to the audience and faced the group on the stage. In his best oratorical voice he remarked, "There is one great difference between the class of 1932 and this class of 1955. You young people are blessed with job opportunities that did not exist for graduates twenty-three years ago. The graduate of 1932 was a child, of the Depression. The few who were lucky enough to find a job in a school, worked for salaries that you would today, consider an insult, if any school dared to offer you such low pay. Today the tables have turned. You no longer have to wait for jobs in schools. The schools are waiting for you. Many of the graduates of the class of 1932 never had an opportunity to teach. By the time the jobs were available most of the girls had given up hope of ever teaching and settled down to raising families. Some, like Mrs. Whitcomb, managed to fulfill their dreams of teaching in a school through substitution opportunities that were available during the war years; and for others, jobs as substitutes meant further frustration because, for various reasons, they were unable to accept jobs. This will not and cannot happen to the graduates of the class of '55."

A great clamor seemed to have enveloped the auditorium and Mr. Whitcomb felt himself being jostled. Never in his wildest dreams did he ever imagine that he could deliver a speech that would bring such a rousing response from an audience. Katherine and Ann must be very proud of him at this moment, he thought, especially Katherine, whom he mentioned so many times in his speech. A buzzing in his ear, however, made him feel dizzy and uncomfortable, as if a swarm of bees were circling too close to his head. He raised his hands in order to cover his ears when he collided with Katherine whose face was close to his as she frantically sought to awaken him from his sound sleep in time to see Ann receive her degree.

"Charles, for goodness sake, the least you can do is to act as if you have some sort of interest in this graduation", she whispered loudly. "What's the matter with you? Haven't you any pride?"

A cold chill ran up and down the spine of Mr. Whitcomb as the organ played Pomp and Circumstance and he watched his daughter Ann, dressed in cap and gown, march up the aisle of the STC auditorium with her diploma in her hand. Mr. Whitcomb was a proud man, very proud indeed.

—Esther Weinreb.

Dread

CORINNE SHEA

It's all over now. The whole miserable thing is finished. I think it will be all right to tell you about it now, since it certainly can't make any difference to my friend any more. It's too late, and things can't be undone. However, it could happen again—to you!

My friend knew it was going to happen; in fact, tension had been mounting in him week after week as he realized the inevitable was about to occur. He thought of the last-minute attempts he had made to rectify things. They had all been futile. Then, he'd thought he could come through all right and face up to it when the moment came, but as he was riding on the bus to the meeting-place, his nerve left him and he rode past the stop to the end of the line. Then, dazedly getting off the bus, he didn't even realize that the bus driver had said something to him. When the bus had departed and he had started walking back along the way he had come, he belatedly noticed that there was a cold, drizzling rain now and abstractedly recalled that that was what the driver had said. Nice guy, that bus driver, but he didn't know what it was like to be scared, scared so silly that you wouldn't notice if cats and dogs were actually falling on you.

He supposed others had experienced the same sinking sensations he was going through now, but at the moment he didn't give a darn about other people. In books and movies, the hero always just goes someplace else when things get too rough, but in real life it was different, especially when you really liked where you were, with one exception. He knew how he'd gotten into so much trouble. All those nights out with the gang conditioned him into not caring too much about one guy or what happened to him. Yes, that was it. If only he could forget that one guy,—forget that he was waiting for him and that now their positions were reversed and his adversary was on the winning side.

Now he was alone, with no gang to back him up. Things looked pretty different to him, viewing them from this aspect. He could feel his hands getting clammy and his heart beating a little faster as he came nearer to the meeting-place. Feverishly, he turned around, entertaining an idea of escape or a bolt out of the blue to save him. Nothing. Even the weather was against him; the sky was still spilling over its kettle of cold gray soup, drip by drip, and each drop sent shivers through him. The street lights seemed dimmer and the street itself seemed more deserted than ever before. Was it his imagination? Where did everyone go? He felt so sickeningly alone,—all alone.

The strains of "Nobody" suddenly ran through his head. He gave a sickly laugh. Before, that song had seemed like pure corn to him, but now he knew what that singer meant! Alone, still alone. Well, he was at his destination—there was no way out of it. He'd dug his own grave and no one else could fill it for him.

Pulling open the door of the dimly-lit building, he surveyed the flight of stairs he had to mount, and then started the long climb. With each step, the sinking sensation in the pit of his stomach grew worse. His heart seemed to be doing triple time and he couldn't control his trembling limbs. Just as he thought he couldn't endure another step, he reached the top of the stairs and grabbed at the bannister for support, both physical and mental. Even the wood felt slimy to his touch.

Releasing it with a shudder, he stumbled to another door and pushed it open. The sudden appearance of light stabbed him in the eyes, blinding him for an instant, and as he struggled to regain his composure, he heard a low, deceptively calm voice say to him.

"Now, son, about this report card . . ."

Buy Savings Bonds and Stamps

Sophomore Shavings

Well, the school year is coming to a close, and the following gems of gossip will be the last for a long while, so savor them well, students!

After having seen "Blackboard Jungle", are there any secondary aspirants who'd like to change their minds?

Many of those who went to the White Cliffs after the prom mistakenly tried to enter through a huge window, much to the delight of their supposed friends already inside. And did these "friends" offer any assistance? Not on your life!

Pat O'Leary and Claire Lynch seem to have two definite reasons for preferring Wyman's. Care to divulge any names, girls? And while on the subject of this hallowed soda shoppe, Red Connors and Bill Brosnihan seem to prefer it, too, though no one has as yet uncovered their reasons.

Anyone else like the "Elephant Tango" and Lena Horne's "Love Me Or Leave Me"? They're obviously two different types, but both are nice to listen to. (You'll just have to excuse that preposition!)

Rumor has it that Joan Hubbard has joined the list of the "steadies."

It's time to start up the old petition idea again to get classes held outside in good weather in the future. Now, who's the brave soul around to be another John Hancock?

While all the participants were not of this class, that really "cool" operatic noon-time session in the music room a few weeks ago ought to be mentioned. Active performers were Ray Scherdell, Armen Manuelian, Ron Aramando, Harry Bates, and Chris O'Leary.

Now, Miss Cavanaugh, what was your explanation of the "Mayor's Identity Episode" at the Scholarship Tea? It appears that you and a noted public servant have different versions of the same incident!

For the advantageous aspect of a ride on the Charles River, check with Frannie Noonan. She might have a few words on the subject, or at least on the topic of "frat" pins.

Not mentioning any names, but doesn't hearing a good male singer shout out some car commercial over and over every day on the radio lower him in your esteem?

That last week-end in April proved to be quite a busy one at many colleges, and many girls from here were present at the festivities. Kay Dolan and Hazel Sher were at Brown; Nancy Kane and Frannie Savasta were at Holy Cross; and Edith Thursby was at Tech.

In the style department, Anne Spets' unusual white skirt has attracted quite a bit of favorable comment, as have also Irene Orciuch's square red heels, and Jane Gilligan's cute yellow dress.

Has anyone ever actually seen Bob Perry out walking without his famous hat?

Frank Gaffney always looks as if he's plotting something, but so far, no one has caught him at anything, or has anyone? Remember, as stated before, all contributions are gratefully if not remuneratively accepted.

It's been heard that Norine Mattimore picks unusual places for her car to run out of gas. Hate to spread gossip and all that sort of thing, but is it true, Norine?

What's this, "B. J." Deserting to the freshman girls again?

Mr. Patterson's cute explanation in physics class of why two pith balls were attracted to each other was simply, "It's Spring!"

It's time to sign off for the sophomore year, now, so have a good vacation, and keep cool!

CORINNE SHEA.

MUSIC

The music of jazz with its restless beat
Has its origin within man's heart.
These strains of tragedy horned in cafe streets
And the intense, surging notes are part
Of man's very life, his lonely despair,
His painless raptures, and vague sensations;
But from classical tales with their enchanting airs,
Comes the music of sweet contemplation.

The rhythmic waves embrace the sandy beach,
And music is heard along the shore.
The tenderest of notes sound in lovers' speech,
The saddest of notes against a closed door.
The calm, reigning silence of the winter night
Is broken by the caroling choir,
As begins the clear, inspirational flight
Of hymned adoration to regions higher.

Of all the creative powers of man,
Most magnificent is his musical skill,
And most fortunate of all is the person who can
Find music where all is still.

LOUISE ARGURKIS.